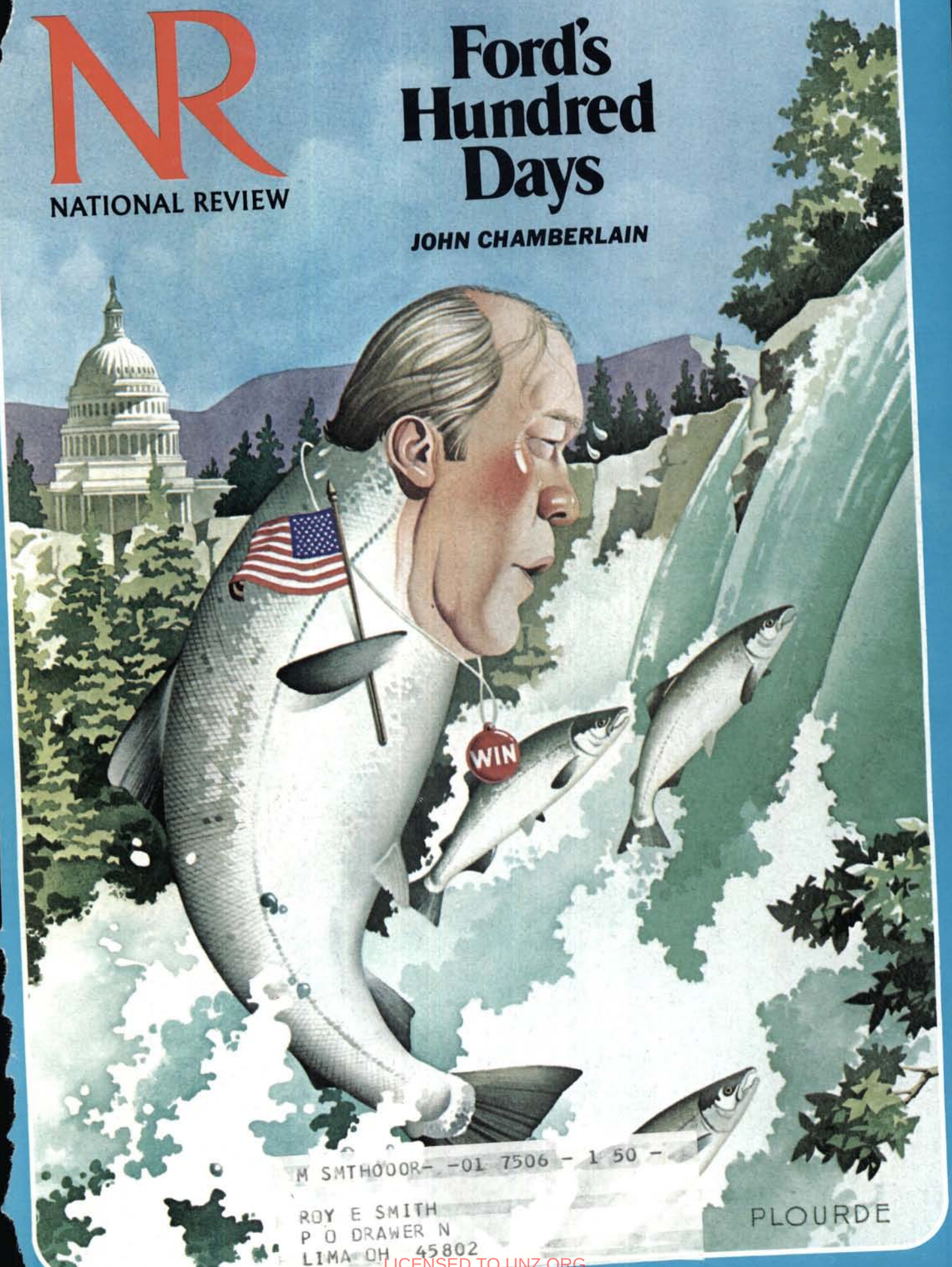
ENTS
OC

MARCH 28, 1975

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

Ford's Hundred Days

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN



M SMTHOOOR- -01 7506 - 1 50 -
ROY E SMITH
P O DRAWER N
LIMA OH 45802

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© Lorillard

Come for the filter.

You'll stay for the taste.

A lot of good taste that comes easy through the Micronite filter.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

18 mg."tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74.

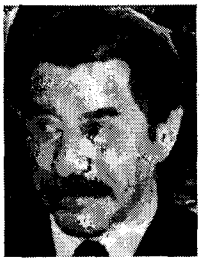
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VOL. XXVII, NO. 11 MARCH 28, 1975

NR NATIONAL REVIEW

CHAMBERLAIN
Page 329

DEBATE
Page 340



MUHLEN
Page 344

MANO
Page 348

TONSOR
Page 352

HAZELTON
Page 349

ARTICLES

329 **Ford's Hundred Days**
The economy is in a mess, and the war on inflation has been surrendered. Cambodia is about to fall, with the blessing of Congress. What has Mr. Ford done? What can he do? A look at the record and the choices he faces, with some suggestions concerning a tax cut and military R&D.
John Chamberlain

338 **The Tories' Big Gamble**
The best man available was a woman: a hopeful view of Mrs. Thatcher.
Anthony Lejeune

DEBATE
Last year two scholars published a book that rocked American historians: *Time on the Cross*. They argued—with massive documentation—that slavery in the old South was less onerous and more productive than had been thought. What does it all mean? That slavery was humane? Morally justified? Good for the Negro? A Southerner, a Lincolnian, and an *NR* editor offer sharply differing views.

340 **Just As We Were Told** *M. E. Bradford*
341 **But Not Redeemed** *Harry V. Jaffa*
342 **History's Corridors** *Jeffrey Hart*

343 **Causes and Cures**
A truly novel way to fight inflation: disincentives for big spenders. *Svetozar Pejovich*

344 **When Is a Socialist Not a Socialist?**
When he's Helmut Schmidt, trying to govern his edgy nation with economic sobriety.
Norbert Muhlen

310 **Letters**
314 **For the Record**
317 **The Week**
327 **Capitol Issues**
328 **The Protracted Conflict**
346 **Days and Works**
347 **From the Academy**
354 **Random Notes**
360 **On the Right**
362 **Trans-O-Gram**

ARTS & MANNERS

348 **Byzantium**
Miami Beach: that is no country for young men. *D. Keith Mano*

349 **The Film Criticism of J. H. Blow**
Remember, you *don't* call him a "movie reviewer."
Richard Minim

349 **Byzantine Yugoslavia**
You read it here first: Yugoslavia offers some of the world's most glorious sights.
Nika Hazelton

BOOKS

352 A new biography of Freud reveals him as he was: a champion of civilization. Norman O. Brown, Herbert Marcuse, take note.
Stephen J. Tonsor

353 *England in the Age of Hogarth* makes one glad one wasn't there, glad the artist was.
Edwin M. Yoder Jr.

354 We're all Hegelians now, argues Thomas Molnar in *God and the Knowledge of Reality;* and he offers a way out of the philosophical bog. *M. J. Sobran Jr.*

355 Cleveland Amory has gone urbanely ape over the way we treat our wildlife.
John R. Coyne Jr.

356 Iris Murdoch's new novel has many admirable things without being an admirable novel. *Ronald De Feo*

356 Eleanor Perényi's biography is just what Liszt has long needed and deserved.
Aram Bakshian Jr.

Cover painting: David Plourde

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

William F. Buckley Jr. *Editor*

William A. Rusher *Publisher*

James P. McFadden *Associate Publisher*

Editors
James Burnham/Jeffrey Hart

Priscilla L. Buckley *Managing Editor*
Daniel Oliver *Executive Editor*
Linda Bridges *Assistant Managing Editor*
Elsie B. Meyer *Assistant Editor*
Frances Bronson *Executive Secretary*

Contributing Editors
W. H. von Dreele
Nika Hazelton/Will Herberg
James Jackson Kilpatrick
D. Keith Mano/Malachi B. Martin
Gerhart Niemeyer/Alan Reynolds
William F. Rickenbacker
Francis Russell/M. J. Sobran Jr.
George F. Will

Associates
Carol B. Learsy
Kevin Lynch/Jane Buckley Smith
Timothy J. Wheeler

Robin Wu *Research Director*
Agatha S. Dowd *Research Consultant*
James W. O'Bryan *Art Director*
Barbara A. Devlin *Production Editor*
John K. Syze *Circulation Manager*

Advertising Director
Robert F. Sennott Jr.

Assistant Publisher
Edward A. Capano

Contributors
Aram Bakshian Jr. / C. D. Batchelor
Ruth Berenson / Colm Brogan
David Brudnoy / John Chamberlain
Jack Chatfield/Miles Copeland
John R. Coyne Jr./Guy Davenport
Anthony R. Dolan/Neal Freeman
Victor Gold/Henry Hazlitt
Elspeth Huxley
John Kiley / Suzanne La Follette
Jared C. Lobdell
Vincent Miller / Ferdinand Mount
Stefan T. Possony / Morrie Ryskind
William S. Schlamm / Ralph de Toledano
Charles Wallen Jr.
Auberon Waugh/Chilton Williamson Jr.
Peter P. Witonski/Edwin M. Yoder Jr.

Foreign Contributors
Anthony Lejeune *London*
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich*
Taki Theodoracopulos *Athens*
Donald Coxe *Toronto*
Nena Ossa *Santiago*

*

Letters

Quis Custodiet . . .

Miles Copeland's article on the CIA [Is There a CIA in Your Future?" March 14] is persuasive and entertaining (I particularly liked his CIA-exegesis of "the dog chased the cat"—very lawyerly, and lawyers are badly in need of better repute). However, I still share the concern James Burnham expressed last fall at the end of his review of Copeland's book: who will guard the guardians? I suspect conservatives should be as suspicious of a secret arm of the government as they are of the limbs they can see. The problem is one of balance: the rights of the individual to be free from snooping *v.* the rights of society, which need protecting from the espionage activities of foreign governments.

Scratch a liberal deep enough and you will find a man who truly believes the threat from the Soviet Union and Communist China is minimal or imaginary. He is free therefore to rail against all CIA activity directed against U.S. citizens—and to pose as the champion of the individual against Big Brother, a position that more naturally belongs to and has been occupied by men of the Right.

Greenwich, Conn. FRANCIS SEWELL

Ziegler's Rights

John Guaspari ["Disinviting Ron Ziegler," Feb. 28] distorted my position in the Ziegler matter to fit his point of view. He quoted my telegram to the Student Government Assembly president with dots to indicate elision. He elided the part that said: "I would defend Ziegler's right to speak on this campus." An interesting elision.

In my statement at the meeting of the student body, I spoke in the same vein: "If Ziegler has something to say, and wants to come here and say it on his own, I would fight for his right to speak here. But I think it is wrong to help Ziegler or Nixon or anyone else get rich because of their association with the Watergate cover-up." Guaspari quoted none of that. The issue I raised had nothing to do with Ziegler's right to speak. This is an open campus, and I will fight to keep it so.

In the School of Public Communication we teach a basic principle of reporting: get all the facts available, then use them in a way that will represent the situation fairly and accurately. Apparently Guaspari, a student in the school, has not been listening.

Boston, Mass. JOHN WICKLEIN
Dean
School of Public Communication
Boston University

Don't Worry

I head a nonprofit corporation and Bicentennial program aimed at helping people cope with social change. The directorship of such a group might seem an odd place to find a conservative, but here I am, nonetheless.

Because my job is explicitly linked to the pace of social change, I thought you might have wondered in passing what would become of me and my corporation if change were suddenly to slow down. We, if anyone, would have the " 'vested interest in change' " mentioned ["The Week," Feb. 28] as a keystone of Kevin Phillips' thesis in *Mediacracy*.

Put your mind at ease: as the society slows down the encrustation of federal bureaucracy, taxes, and paperwork, I am sure that my group will be in the vanguard of the (federally funded, of course) relief program to help the change-accustomed knowledge elite adjust to and cope with a lack of change.

Dickerson, Md. CLARK H. WILSON

California Welfare

I would like to add to Charles D. Hobbs's description of the way the California welfare reform program developed ["How Ronald Reagan Governed California," Jan. 17]. Before Hutchinson's committee was set up, the State Social Welfare Board under Governor Reagan's appointee, Robert Mitchell, conducted two rather extensive task force reviews of the Aid to Families with Dependent Children Program. The first covered welfare fraud; the second, child support.

Out of the welfare fraud investigation came clear documentary evidence that the program was paying out about $60 million in fraudulently obtained grants. This was 10 per cent of the total grants. Out

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first two issues in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second-class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc. 1975.

Book Editor: George F. Will, 6683 32nd Place N.W., Washington, D.C. 20015; Articles: Daniel Oliver; Arts & Manners: M. J. Sobran Jr., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Manager, NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

RATES: *$25.00 a year ($15.00 for the 48-page issues, and $10.00 for 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.*

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the view of the editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of this study came a Department of Finance study that indicated $51 million was being paid out as a result of administrative errors during the same period.

The child support task force completed its work just about the time the Hutchinson task force was beginning to roll forward. Its recommendations were incorporated, almost in total, in the welfare reform act that Mr. Hobbs refers to in his article. The result was the extremely successful California Child Support Program that was, in effect, copied by the Federal Government recently in HR 17045.

The purpose of this letter is not in any way to diminish the considerable accomplishments of Hutchinson, Hobbs, Carleson, Svahn, et al., in getting welfare reform implemented in California; but the suggestion that the whole program was put into effect solely through the efforts of that small group of people within the Reagan Administration demands clarification.

Sacramento, Calif. MICHAEL E. BARBER
Deputy District Attorney
County of Sacramento

Demystification

I found your item on sugar easy to understand. Perhaps I can clarify it for the "completely mystified" Professor Jukes ["Letters," Jan. 31].

It said, in one catchy sentence, that the very high price of white sugar would save a lot of lives.

Of course a one-liner is not a treatise. You don't explain, in a one-liner, that excessive refined sugar consumption is unhealthy. People know that sugar is fattening, and that obesity kills.

You don't have to explain, even if Professor Jukes doubts it, that the law of supply and demand works: much higher sugar prices lead to much lower sugar consumption. Ask any housewife.

You don't have to quantify the comparative number of lives saved by seat belts, Salk vaccine, and nuclear deterrence, unless your poetic license has been suspended recently. Nor do you need such exactitude as "attenuated live poliomyelitis virus vaccine" when "Salk" makes the point.

What mystifies me is that Professor Jukes speaks for "we nutritionists." How many other nutritionists will rush to his side to defend massive (100+ pounds per capita per year) consumption of refined white sugar? Is there one competent nutritionist who agrees with him?

Incidentally, obesity is principally a problem among the poor, not the rich as Mr. Jukes contends. It's the poor who have to buy cheap calories: spaghetti, potatoes, sugar, etc.

Wauwatosa, Wis. BARNEY SMITH

Elizabeth's Peace

I was surprised at Edwin M. Yoder Jr.'s favorable review of *Elizabeth I* by Paul Johnson [Dec. 6].

"By shrewdness and a gift for inspiring

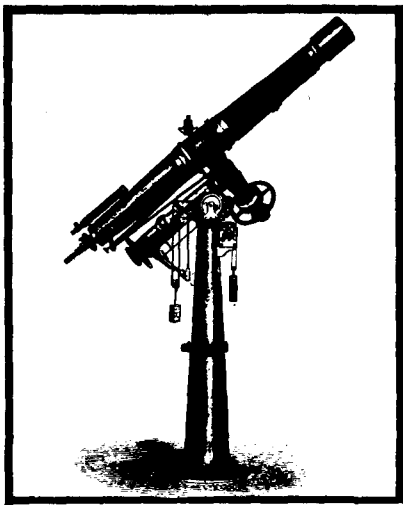
ALLEN DRURY
ends the great political saga that began with 'Advise and Consent' with
THE PROMISE OF JOY

The climactic bestseller in the most compelling series of political novels ever written. Just published; $10.00 at all booksellers.
DOUBLEDAY

It gets better every time around.

Announcing our 17th World Cruise
Jan. 20, 1976 from New York. From Miami Jan. 22.
87 days, 24 ports, the s.s. Rotterdam.
All the comfort and luxury of a grand ship built to sail the world, plus a fascinating new itinerary including the Mediterranean. Casablanca, Naples, Athens, Alexandria, Suez, Bombay, Bali, Singapore, Hong Kong, Yokohama, Honolulu, Acapulco and 12 more enchanting ports. Perhaps your most memorable travel experience.
From $6,520 to $19,695. See your travel agent or mail the coupon.
See your travel agent or call Miss Martin collect at (212) 760-3880, toll-free at (800) 221-6657.
Holland America Cruises, 2 Pennsylvania Plaza, N.Y., N.Y. 10001.
Please send brochure on the s.s. Rotterdam 1976 World Cruise.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
Travel Agent_____
The s.s. Rotterdam is registered in the Netherlands Antilles. Rates per person, double occupancy, subject to availability.
Minimum rates may not be available on the above listed sailing.
You may never want to get off.
Holland America Cruises

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



On the Lookout for a Really Good Speaker?

You can select the best from Catherine Babcock, Inc.

You know how important a good speaker can be to your meeting, but locating the right speaker isn't always that easy. Here's how to solve that dilemma—let Catherine Babcock handle the speaking arrangements for your next meeting whether it be social, business, civic, student or political. You can choose from this roster of well-known conservatives:

- William A. Rusher
- Russell Kirk
- M. Stanton Evans
- Jeffrey Hart
- Ernest Van Den Haag
- D. Keith Mano
- Peter P. Witonski
- David Brudnoy
- J. Daniel Mahoney
- Cornelius J. Troost
- "Johannes Eff"
- F. Clifton White
- Robert K. Dornan

You'll never have to worry about a dull meeting or poor attendance when you use speakers of this calibre. All you have to do is tell us the name of your organization and when your meeting is scheduled. We'll take care of the rest. Write today to:

Catherine Babcock, Inc., 544 Southside Rd., Virginia Beach, Va. 23451

"Mirror, mirror on the wall

. . . . who makes the most and the best darn louvers and other plastic accessories for the mobile Air Conditioning Industry? With any desired finish including hot stamping and vacuum metalizing, for cars, trucks, farm equipment, mobile homes, recreational vehicles, airplanes, boats, submarines, manned space vehicles—anything that moves under its own power except animals, birds and fish? If you don't know, mirror, then ask some of our customers listed below. And send for our 16 page catalog before somebody takes you down. (O. E. M. accounts only.)"

Cary Products INC. P. O. Drawer A C,

Hutchins, Texas 75141

Suppliers to: Caterpillar Tractor, Frigiking, International Harvester, John Deere, Thermo King, Mack, White and Kenworth Motor Trucks, Beach Aircraft, Piper Aircraft, LTV Aerospace, General Dynamics, Volkswagen Products and Winnebago.

loyalty she kept the domestic peace," says Mr. Yoder. "If her subjects, whether of the old or new religion, kept the laws she firmly discouraged the inquisitorial approach."

I am not accustomed to reading piffle in *NR*.

Times were rough for the Catholic in the days of Pope Elizabeth. Mass attendance was proscribed; Catholic priests, English or not, were hunted and killed; those who harbored priests were also subject to the death penalty. The sport of the day was the hanging and disemboweling of "papists." These people were beyond the pale of "qualified freedom of private conscience."

Brooklyn, N.Y. LEWIS P. MOORE

Corrigendum

Ruth Berenson [Feb. 14] speaks of Benton's *Baptism in Kansas*. Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri did not paint *Baptism in Kansas*. John Steuart Curry of Kansas did. In fact it was Curry's first famous painting and it was bought by Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney for her museum.

Asheville, N.C. DAN WALTERS

Addendum

I must take exception to Professor Stephen J. Tonsor's claim that Aldous Huxley "invented the dystopian novel when he published *Brave New World* in 1932" [Jan. 31]. If credit for this literary genre must be given to a twentieth century author, then surely it belongs to the Russian novelist and social critic, Eugene Zamyatin, whose *We* (1924) provided a model for both Huxley and Orwell to emulate.

Zamyatin found the essence of a dystopian society to lie in its chilling indifference toward persons. Unlike Huxley's and Orwell's use of science fiction devices, Zamyatin's scenes simply portray the ordinary round of events stripped of every vestige of the personal. The effect is frighteningly real. We not only recognize that sort of indifference in our daily lives, but Zamyatin makes us realize that it may infect our social ideals as well.

It no more undercuts the importance of Huxley and Orwell to acknowledge their indebtedness to Zamyatin than it undercuts Aquinas and Aristotle to acknowledge their indebtedness to Plato.

Boston, Mass. J. H. WELLBANK

Department of Philosophy and Religion
Northeastern University

Update

In reference to the note on the Lonrho company's activities ["The Week," Dec. 20]: Mr. Rowland no longer flies about in a Mystère jet. As of about June '74 he obtained a new, U.S.-built Grumman Gulfstream II jet and sold the Mystère Falcon to—gosh, guess who?—the Government of Kuwait.

Wichita, Kan. HARRY B. ADAMS

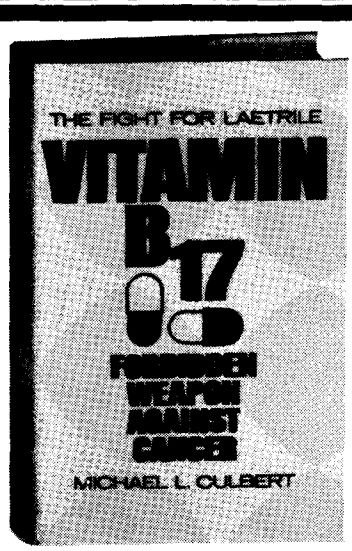
(Continues on page 359)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How many thousands more will die of cancer because the bureaucrats are dragging their feet?

Vitamin B17 is the popular name for Laetrile, an extract of apricot pits. Doctors prescribe it, legally, in a score of other nations for treatment of cancer. In the U.S., thousands of Laetrile users claim benefits, often telling how they turned to it as a successful last resort after being diagnosed as terminally ill. Yet the American medical establishment—the National Cancer Institute, the Food and Drug Administration, the AMA, and state groups such as the California Department of Public Health—oppose even controlled tests on human beings. Why?

Mike Culbert, crusading editor of the *Berkeley Daily Gazette,* has penetrated the smokescreen of the medical establishment. He looks at the arguments pro and con, and concludes that there is no legitimate reason, based on existing evidence, why Laetrile should not be made legal for human use.



Most exciting of all is the potential of vitamin B17 in the *prevention* of cancer. Some research suggests that cancer is at root a vitamin deficiency disease, and that primitive peoples with more natural diets are virtually cancer-free. This raises the staggering possibility, says Culbert, that cancer may be as easily avoided through the natural consumption of vitamin B17 as scurvy is today through the intake of vitamin C.

Mike Culbert writes for the layman with little or no science background. But included as appendices for scientists and doctors are several research papers underlying the development of Laetrile and explaining its chemical action, together with a thorough discussion of the little-known and less-understood "unitarian" or "trophoblastic" thesis on which the early development of Laetrile was based.

CRUSADING NEWSMAN DARES TO CHALLENGE MEDICAL- INDUSTRIAL-GOVERNMENT POWER

- Cigarettes, viruses, chemicals, poisons, radiation, pollution: do they really cause cancer?
- Dr. Dean Burk charges National Cancer Institute (which he helped found) with the big lie
- "Hideous anomaly": abortion is legal, but the dying cancer patient is not free to try Laetrile
- Your diet: does it protect you against cancer?
- The role of religious faith in recovery
- Saved by vitamin B17: the wife of comedian Red Buttons. Other inspiring cases
- How medical bureaucrafts try to scare the public by talking about the cyanide in vitamin B17. The truth about cyanide—in foods you eat every day. Key member of National Cancer Institute defends Laetrile
- The vegetarian argument. What clue do the Eskimos give us?
- Why cancer victims should avoid television
- The "Laetrile team": they use B17 to *prevent* cancer. The menu
- Bureaucracy run wild: what it takes to get a drug licensed
- Diet for cancer victims
- The controversial role of Birch Society members in pro-Laetrile activities
- How concerned doctors get around the anti-Laetrile laws
- Can *thousands* of users of vitamin B17 be deluded into believing they are experiencing relief?
- Cancer's growing toll: 355,000 deaths a year (975 a day—one every one and a half minutes)
- Dangers of some "natural" diets
- Modern man's profound deviation from biological experience
- Is B17 also the answer to the dread Negro disease, sickle-cell anemia?
- Mysterious similarity: the beginnings of pregnancy and cancer
- Nearest source of legal Laetrile treatment
- The great apricot-pit scare
- Why people pray for a new cancer treatment: "In the United States cancer therapy consists of cutting, burning or poisoning. I did not feel I could afford to be decimated further as already each day for me was something of an ordeal"
- Vested-interests department: "If you bring in Laetrile you've eliminated the department of tissue pathology and therapeutic radiology, and will have made one hell of a dent in surgery"
- Foods rich in B17
- Progress with B17 in England, Belgium, Japan, Italy, the Philippines, West Germany
- Pro-Laetrile doctor zeroes in on the special interests: "It is far more profitable to look for a cancer cure than to find one"
- Man's first line of defense against cancer. Is sugar safe?
- Why American doctors get "F" in nutrition
- The dismal future: must one out of four Americans die of cancer?

SAVE $8.95

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB
81 Centre Ave., New Rochelle, New York 10801

Please send FREE **Vitamin B17: Forbidden Weapon Against Cancer** by *Michael L. Culbert* and accept my membership in the Conservative Book Club—the only book club expressly for political conservatives. I agree to buy 3 books from among the more than 150 to be offered in the next 15 months, after which I may resign at any time. Membership entitles me to a free subscription to the Club Bulletin, which brims with news of interest to conservatives. I am eligible to buy Club books at discounts of 20% to 89% plus shipping—books on politics, investing, social issues, religion, economics, conservative ideas, Communism, history, etc. If I want the monthly Selection I do nothing; it will come automatically about one month later. If I don't want the Selection, or I prefer one of the Alternates, I merely inform you on the handy form always provided. I'll be offered a new Selection every 4 weeks—13 times a year. **NR—556**

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ I don't care to join the Club but I enclose $8.95. Please send **Vitamin B17: Forbidden Weapon Against Cancer** postpaid. 30-day return privilege.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

■ Two weeks ago, House Republican Leader **John Rhodes** (he replaced Jerry Ford in that job when Ford became Vice President), told the *Washington Star-News* that Republicans in Congress would have to shape a program of their own to "show the people what Republicans in Congress stand for. It will show that [they are not] a rubber stamp of the President." . . . Last week Rhodes was back in line, joining other GOP leaders in the House, Senate, and around the nation in pledging their support for the President. The loyalty statement, which other leaders will be asked to sign, was sparkplugged by Rep. **John Anderson** (Ill.), chairman of the House Republican Conference, Sen. **Charles Percy** (also Ill.), and Govs. **William Milliken** of Michigan and **Christopher Bond** of Missouri. Move was obviously designed to counter recent conservative get-togethers in and around Washington that demonstrated depth of dissatisfaction with **Ford-Rockefeller** leadership. . . . Meanwhile, conservative Gov. **Meldrim Thomson** of New Hampshire—an unbending rightist—has announced that if the GOP standardbearers in 1976 are Ford and Rockefeller he will support **George Wallace**. . . . George Wallace is working both sides of the street, according to **Evans & Novak**. He's prepared to enter a number of Democratic primaries, but he's also keeping open the possibility of running as third party candidate of the American Independent Party (which will be on the ballot in a majority of states), should the Democratic Convention rebuff him.

■ The House of Labor had its troubles at the Miami Beach Convention: no suitable Democratic candidate now that both **George Meany** and **I. W. Abel** of the Steelworkers have soured on **Henry Jackson**. In addition, leaders of the leftist unions that supported **George McGovern** in 1972 are making ugly sounds about not kicking in next year to the AFL-CIO's COPE, which has provided money and muscle in the past for many a liberal Democrat. (London *Times*, surveying the greyheads at Miami Beach assembled, commented that the U.S. labor leaders are "collectively older than anybody in the world, with the exception of the **Vatican Curia**.")

Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal* Rothco

"Let's see—if you're an FBI agent and you're a CIA agent and I'm an RCMP agent, who's the Marxist-Leninist?"

■ The Libs got the House Internal Security Committee (né HUAC); now they're centering their sights on the **Senate Internal Security Subcommittee**, hoping to bury it too. Chief prosecutor in recent Rules Committee hearings on the future of the Internal Security group is Republican Sen. **Mark Hatfield** (Ore.). . . . Sen. **Frank Church** (D., Idaho) has set up very strict security regulations to govern his special committee hearings on the CIA. All classified materials are under lock and key in a guarded basement room; no uncleared person may work in that area; and most of the CIA hearings will be behind closed doors. . . . Professor **William Shockley**, who was hooted down by unruly students when invited to debate a year ago at Yale against *NR* publisher **William Rusher,** gets another chance. The Yale trustees have ruled that students who disrupt such a meeting are to be suspended or expelled; an invitation to Shockley is on its way.

■ Soviet historian **Roy Medvedev** and a group of "loyal critics" of the Kremlin announce publication of an unofficial journal, *Twentieth Century*, a typewritten bimonthly that will be circulated clandestinely. . . . Novosti, the Soviet press agency, plans to distribute yet another TV program in the West aimed at discrediting **Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn**. This one will charge Solzhenitsyn with being antisemitic (the last one charged he had betrayed Gulag Archipelago comrades). . . . Yugoslav Judge **Dragomir Cvetkovic** sentenced writer **Mihajlo Mihajlov** to seven years in jail for antistate activities in the hope, said the judge, that "This would serve as a lesson to him." Mihajlov did not help his case by praising the role played in Yugoslavia during WW II by **Tito**'s chief opponent, Chetnik leader **Draja Mihajlovich**. . . . The British *Guardian* believes the kidnapping of West Berlin mayoral candidate **Peter Lorenz** was just a dress rehearsal for something "bigger, better, and even more spectacular." Its reasoning: the kidnappers asked for the release of unimportant terrorists, not for the release of **Ulrike Meinhof** and **Andreas Baader**, leaders of the radical movement who are scheduled to go on trial May 21.

■ Overheard at local restaurant. **J. K. Galbraith**: "The *Today* people are after us to set a date for the next encounter." **WFB**: "What about the first week in April?" JKG: I'll be lecturing at the University of Moscow." WFB: "Oh? What do you have left to teach them?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A military library to be proud of

The Military Book Club invites you to take ANY 4 BOOKS for only 98¢ WITH MEMBERSHIP

2642. **Tank.** K. Macksey, J. Batchelor. From WW I beginnings to Panzers and today. Pub. ed. $9.95

2659. **Artillery.** I. Hopp, J. Batchelor. French 75, Big Bertha, German 88, much more. Pub. ed. $9.95

3756. **Fighter.** B. Cooper, J. Batchelor. Fokkers, Spad, Zero, Saber, MiGs, more. Pub. ed. $9.95

2840. **Log of the Liberators.** Steve Birdsall. Heroic story of B-24 in WW II. Over 250 illus. Pub. ed. $12.95

1701. **History of the Second World War.** B. H. Liddell Hart. Every major battle. Pub. ed. $12.50

2501. **Hitler.** Joachim Fest. How the anxieties, resentments of his age molded him. Pub. ed. $15

8714. **The Two-Ocean War.** Samuel Eliot Morison. U.S. Navy in Second World War. Pub. ed. $15

8755. **Flying Fortress.** Edward Jablonski. The B-17 story with 400 photos. Pub. ed. $11.95

9134. **Airwar.** Edward Jablonski. Lavishly illustrated, 2-volume history of airpower in WW II. Every major air battle, bombing raid, aircraft, and ace. Full-color plates. Counts as two books. Pub. ed. $39.80

5629. **Silent Victory.** Clay Blair, Jr. The whole story of the U.S. Navy's submarine war against Japan. Pub. ed. $24.95

5603. **Mustang at War.** Roger A. Freeman. Lavishly illustrated history of P-51 fighter and pilots. Pub. ed. $10

5595. **The Race for Rome.** Dan Kurzman. How the Eternal City was saved from Nazi destruction in 1944. Pub. ed. $10

5660. **The Enigma of Hastings.** Edwin Tetlow. Fascinating new light on Harold of England and William the Conqueror. Pub. ed. $8.95

If military history is one of your special areas of interest . . . if you enjoy books that add to your expertise on strategy, tactics, leadership, weaponry and other military topics . . . here is a chance to build an impressive personal library that reflects these military interests, and to do so at appreciable savings.

Choose from revealing books on strategy by acknowledged authorities like B. H. Liddell Hart and Samuel Eliott Morison . . . volumes that chronicle the command genius of major battle leaders, including Patton, Midway's Admiral Spruance, and the Air Corps' Curtis Lemay . . .

Lavishly illustrated histories of the "coming of age" of decisive weapons like the tank, the fighter airplane, the "Big Berthas" and atomic cannons of the artillery . . .

"You are there" accounts that re-capture the ferocious air combats and staggering bomb strikes in the World War II skies over Europe and Japan . . . the U.S. Navy's decisive submarine war against Japan's Imperial Navy and merchant marine . . . and countless other campaigns, battles, sorties, and combats.

Now you can take your pick of a whole wide range of books like these from the outstanding selections offered by the MILITARY BOOK CLUB. And to dramatize the big savings you can enjoy on the kind of books you love, you are invited to take your choice of any four of the volumes shown here for only 98¢ plus shipping and handling with membership in the Club.

HOW THE CLUB WORKS

To apply for membership, send no money now. Simply mail the application at right. When accepted as a member you will receive your four introductory volumes. If you are not delighted, return them within 10 days. Your membership will be canceled and you will owe nothing.

Or keep the four volumes for only 98¢ plus shipping and handling — and as a member of the Club you need buy only four more books at regular low Club prices during your first two years of membership. After completion of your purchase commitment, you may if you wish cancel your membership at any time.

As a member, you will receive the Club's magazine, **Battles and Leaders,** free. It is published about every four weeks (14 times a year) and describes the coming selection and alternates, which will average 30% less than the prices of publishers' editions, plus shipping and handling.

If you want the Club selection, you need do nothing, and it will be sent to you automatically.

If you prefer an alternate, or no book, indicate your choice on the convenient reply form always provided. You have 10 days to return the reply form so that it reaches the Club by the date specified thereon. If because of late delivery of **Battles and Leaders** and the reply form, you should receive a selection without having had the 10-day consideration period, you may return it at Club expense.

Military Book Club, Garden City, N. Y. 11530

The Military Book Club offers its own complete, hardbound editions, sometimes altered in size to fit special presses and save members even more.

Military Book Club
Dept. GR-290, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Please accept my application for membership and send the 4 books whose numbers I have printed in the boxes below. Bill me only 98¢ plus shipping and handling. I understand the Club plan as presented in this ad and that I need buy only four more books at regular Club prices during the first two years of my membership to complete my commitment. (NOTE: 2-volume set of AIRWAR counts as 2 books and cannot be ordered individually.)

No-risk guarantee. If not delighted, I may return the 4 books within 10 days, my membership will be canceled, and I will owe nothing.

NOTE: If you select 2-volume AIRWAR set, write 9134 in two boxes, then choose 2 more books.

[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

Mr. }
Mrs. } _____
Miss }

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Canadian members will be serviced from Toronto. Offer slightly different in Canada.

24-M62

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRING LINE
Easter Special

How to Speak the Lord's Language

The Episcopal Church is divided on the question of revising the Book of Common Prayer. William F. Buckley, Jr., and his guests, Father Leo Malania, coordinator for Prayer Book revision for the Standing Liturgical Commission of the Episcopal Church, and Prof. Harold Weatherby, representing the Society for the Preservation of the Book of Common Prayer, examine the changes and their effects.

Excerpts referring to the Book of Common Prayer: Mr. Buckley: "There is nothing in all literature, sacred or profane, that excels the beauty of its phrases and verses and surely nothing that excels the beauty of its thought."

Prof. Weatherby: "I daresay that a man can save his soul by using the new liturgy but it will be in spite of, not because of."

Fr. Malania: "We are still asking for reactions of the Church; we're still asking for specific suggestions. And the book that will be presented will attempt to incorporate as many of these suggestions as possible."

FIRING LINE'S
"How To Speak
The Lord's Language"

•

PBS NETWORK
Easter Sunday, March 30
9:30 P.M.
Subject To Local Scheduling

DON'T MISS IT!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

■ The latest from the Archives of the Foes of the Imperial Presidency: Benjamin Bradlee has written a memoir of his old friend Jack Kennedy. Mr. Bradlee is now with the *Washington Post*, and had a lot to do with saving the Constitution from the depredations of Richard Nixon. Anyway, it transpires that Kennedy used to sound him out on the possibility of securing and publishing information damaging to Mr. Kennedy's political enemies. (He was particularly curious about where Nelson Rockefeller had been while Kennedy was commanding that PT boat in Japanese-infested waters.) Bradlee himself once suggested that Kennedy illegally leak IRS data on rich men's tax returns. "Maybe after 1964," replied Kennedy. Then there was the telephone call Kennedy got from Richard Daley in 1960 when the presidential vote was still apparently uncertain in Illinois. "Mr. President," said Daley, "with a little bit of luck and the help of a few close friends, you're going to carry Illinois." Johnny, we hardly knew ye.

■ Some newly elected Democratic governors, brought face to face with the budgetary realities, have adopted a hard-boiled fiscal approach—in marked contrast to their Party colleagues in Washington. A congressman can blithely vote for programs entailing huge deficits, but a governor is responsible for meeting a state's obligations; he cannot ordinarily appropriate funds today and then pass the bill on to posterity. To the dismay of the special interests in California that have a direct stake in larger and larger state budgets, newly elected Governor Edmund G. Brown Jr. is, as one critic put it, "out-Reaganing Reagan." He has held the line on educational costs, the biggest item in the budget, and evoked predictable cries of pain. He has clamped a lid on state salaries, and ordered the elimination of assorted minor but cumulatively significant frills. The governors in Massachusetts (Dukakis), in Connecticut (Grasso), and in New York (Carey) have with varying emphasis and in different tones warned the tax-guzzling interests that the days of wine and roses are over.

■ The change in the filibuster rule has been described both as a "hollow victory" and as one that will "crush dissent" in the years to come. The change is thought to be hollow because now sixty senators, or three-fifths of the whole Senate membership, will be required to cut off debate instead of two-thirds of the members present and voting. If there were only, say, 66 senators in the chamber under the rule just discarded it would have taken only 44 of them to cut off debate. Under the new rule, it would take sixty.

■ "FETUS BILL URGED: *Boston* (UPI)—The health care committee of the Massachusetts legislature is considering a bill to require physicians to minimize the pain and suffering of fetuses during abortions." Well, how about that, bleeding hearts?

■ Talk about a responsible press. The media gave considerable play a few weeks back to Dick Gregory and Ralph Schoenman when they dug up an old and very blurred photograph taken the day of John F. Kennedy's assassination in Dallas. They claimed that two of the men in the background were Watergaters Frank Sturgis and E. Howard Hunt, and, on the basis of that, made the sweeping assertion that JFK had been the victim of a CIA assassination attempt. Both AP and CBS News refused to carry a 300-word statement by Hunt which included the sentences: "I was not in Dallas, Texas, November 22, 1963; in fact I never visited Dallas until eight years later. I did not meet Frank Sturgis until 1972, nine years after we were allegedly together in Dallas." Finally no one in sight bothered to inform the reader or listener of the antecedents of Schoenman. Ralph Schoenman was the guru who got hold of the senescent Bertrand Russell back in the Sixties and staged that war crimes tribunal in Stockholm that indicted Lyndon Johnson and the United States of America for every atrocity in the book. Schoenman was identified only as "an associate" of Dick Gregory in the assassination investigation.

■ Two aides of Senator Robert Kennedy say that Kennedy told them in 1967 that he had aborted a CIA plan to assassinate Castro using the services—so the story goes—of the Mafia. The significance of the story today lies in its attribution, for the first time, to the two aides, Adam Walinsky and Peter Edelman. They told the *New York Times* in 1973 about their conversation with Kennedy but had not allowed the *Times* to use their names. Jack Anderson reported back in 1967 that there had been six attempts on Castro's life by the CIA in 1961,

Republic or Democracy?

The filibuster foes have won a point:
It's sixty now instead of sixty-seven.
While Barry warns the times are out of joint,
The liberals exclaim in seventh heaven.
Democracy is rising like a leaven
While all our checks and balances decay.
With Rocky playing seven-come-eleven,
We'll wake up shackled some election day.
The liberals just can't abide a Nay:
They balk at silly "dilatory" rules—
Unless an SST stands in their way;
Then watch them talk like filibuster fools.
Apparently they're lusting for the chance
To be a mass democracy, like France.

W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

just before and just after the Bay of Pigs. With the rampaging investigation of the CIA now going on, the Kennedy aides may have reasoned that details that will come out anyway, about the kind of thing routinely contemplated when JFK was President, are better brought out, preemptively, now: so as to focus not on what the CIA was doing, but on what a Kennedy brother prevented it from doing.

■ The paucity, in our media, of news from Portugal is proof of the failure to comprehend the critical nature, for the entire Western world, of the struggle that began there in April 1974. As we go to press, skimpy dispatches carry reports of an "attack" by two "training aircraft" on an artillery barracks near the Lisbon airport, the subsequent appearance of paratroops at the barracks, leftist mobs in the streets of Lisbon, and the arrival of General Spinola, with a retinue of 18, in Spain. The account has the earmarks of a "Reichstag Fire" provocation. Serious attempts at a coup are not launched by two unsupported trainer aircraft, but militant revolutionaries have more than once staged episodes of that sort to cover their assaults on opponents. Whether or not this is the explanation in the particular case, the assaults by the Communist and ultra-Communist leftist mobs on all the political parties to their right have been stepped up day by day as the April 12 date set for the vote for delegates to a Constituent Convention approaches. ("Suckled at the breast of fascism," was Communist chief Alvaro Cunhal's characterization of the social democratic Popular Democratic Party.) The current outlook: the April 12 election may not be held, and will decide nothing if it is.

■ More trouble in Rhodesia. The prominent ZANU leader, the Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole, has been jailed. Having finished a ten-year term in jail just last December, he had resumed agitating for immediate majority rule, refusing to rule out warfare as a means of getting it. (Blacks outnumber whites in Rhodesia by a 25 to 1 ratio.) The country's guerrilla war is not yet stilled, and in response to Sithole's arrest, leaders of the African National Congress broke off talks with the government on a gradualist accommodation between the races. The charge against Sithole is that he was plotting to assassinate rivals for leadership within the ANC, but the rivals think this is a government stratagem to divide them, and don't believe it.

■ Limousine Maoists are coming under attack in the People's Republic. According to one report in the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, Yao Wen-yuan, foremost scholar of the Cultural Revolution, recently attacked certain Chinese citizens who have "adopted a bourgeois mode of life." As it happens, the bourgeois boom seems to be limited to Party officials. They earn five to ten times as much as the average prole, and are entitled to privileged seating on trains and planes as well as curtained limousines because privacy is so vital to their work. In their own defense, officials say it will be some years before the Chinese revolution reaches its final stage, the dictatorship of the proletariat, and there will be inequalities until then. They'll let the people know when everybody is equal.

■ The President's pledge to fight recession by cutting taxes and spending is unquestionably the reason his new budget is up only $45 billion or so from last year. Federal penny-pinching of this magnitude will be a real boon to our sluggish economy. Of course there are sure to be voices raised complaining that a niggardly $350-billion budget cannot meet the real needs of the people. To such people we say in all sincerity: wait till next year.

■ INSCRUTABLE ENGLAND DEP'T. British public television has just approved Abbott and Costello for kiddie viewers, but banned sex, violence, and Shirley Temple.

■ A Soviet friend accused Soviet cellist Mstislav Rostropovich, who is now in the West, of running out on his country. In his long and eloquent reply (*New York Times*, Op-Ed page) Rostropovich tells of one small incident that puts it all into focus. "Once, in reply to Herbert von Karajan's request for Galina Vishnevskaya [Mrs. Rostropovich] to come to Vienna to record Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov*, the Ministry of Culture of the USSR said, naturally without consulting Galina Vishnevskaya, that she was a 'soprano' and could not sing the part of Marina Mnishek because it did not suit her voice. Apparently, Mr. von Karajan was not as educated musically as our Ministry of Culture, which, of course, knows everything better than anyone. After the resulting scandal, the recording was made, and it remains indisputable evidence of who knows more about music. I would be interested in Leontyne Price's reaction if the United States State Department, saying nothing about it to her, were simply to forbid a record company to use her in *Carmen*, because in their opinion her voice lacked the necessary lower ranges."

■ The total federal, state, and local tax bite now exceeds half a trillion dollars a year, and is moving briskly toward the point where it will take one-half our national product. Then every worker will spend half his life in servitude to Uncle Sam, and we'll find out whether the union can long endure half slave and half free.

■ FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT GONZALEZ DEP'T. Robert J. Neyhart, a white federal employee, has been ruled the victim of discriminatory hiring—by the U.S. Labor Department. Mr. Neyhart was denied promotion to a deputy directorship of the Office of Equal Employment Opportunity because he didn't have a Spanish surname.

■ The Federal Aviation Administration has ordered that commercial aircraft be fitted with a device that auto-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Senator Henry Jackson's first major direct mail fund appeal for his presidential campaign could give junk mail a bad name. It's a six-page single-spaced letter that begins: "Last month I watched an elderly couple carefully counting their dollars before putting additional items in the grocery basket." What is Jackson against? Careful counting? Read on. And on and on and on. Before the first page grinds to a close he is chatting about trade with the Soviet Union. At the bottom of page two, having covered the nuances of foreign trade, Jackson is bashing "heavy inefficient cars." (Does he still drive that large Buick?) Oh, yes. Before the curtain goes up on page three Jackson blasts "giant corporations, vested interests, public apathy, and Republican indifference to consumer suffering." And WIN buttons. These have "blocked all progress." On page three (bear with Cato; it is part of your education) Agriculture Secretary Butz is attacked. On page four Jackson unveils the mysteries of good government In Our Troubled Times: "Just tell the truth." Page five is nostalgia time: "John Kennedy called me the day after he won the nomination in Los Angeles . . ." He says: "No longer can a few wealthy donors legally keep a candidate in the public light and finance his early state and national headquarters." (Jackson's campaigning last year raised over a million dollars, most of it from wealthy donors, enough to open his national headquarters. On page six he asks for money. End of civics lesson.) Oh, one more thing. The letter is the product of the man whose direct mail appeals raised unprecedented millions of direct mail dollars for George McGovern in 1972.

■ The machine grinds on, grinding up all resistance to grinding on: now it will be easier to stop a Senate filibuster. The Senate liberals, pausing in their fight for the rights of all minorities they never come into contact with, changed the Senate rules. Now the liberal majority can silence the conservative minority with sixty votes, rather than two-thirds of the senators present and voting. Senator James Allen (D., Ala.) thinks the Senate is moving to a point at which a simple majority will be able to cut off debate. At that point the Senate will have lost its distinguishing feature—its unique respect for the rights of legislative minorities.

■ Prox strikes again . . . and again, and again, and again: "My choice for the biggest waste of the taxpayer's money for the month of March has to be the National Science Foundation's squandering of $84,000 to try to find out why people fall in love." He explains: "The NSF is devoting $84,000 to study people's dependence on each other in what they call 'romantic love.' They say they want to study this especially between men and women. . . . I object to this not only because no one —not even the NSF—can argue that falling in love is a science; not only because I'm sure that even if they spend $84 million or $84 billion they wouldn't get an answer that anyone would believe. I'm against it because I don't want the answer. I believe that 200 million other Americans want to leave some things in life a mystery. . . . So NSF—get out of the love racket. Leave that to Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Irving Berlin." Senator William Proxmire (D., Wis.) promises to name a monthly winner of the Dreadful Waste Award, and to name a grand winner at the end of the year. Cato thinks the winner is already in Prox's gunsights. It is the NSF's year-long $15,870 study called "Hitchhiking—A Viable Addition to a Multimodal Transportation System."

■ One more thing, sports fans. Prox was grilling a scientist about a study of 1,200 college students' sex lives. The scientist explained that "what motivates people to use or not use birth control is something we have to know not only for this country but for the whole world." The scientist, whose project is receiving 342,000 taxpayer dollars, thinks the answer probably has something to do with s-e-x: "Apparently more students are having intercourse, and there are unwanted pregnancies."

■ BRIEFS: Say it quickly: "Peter Peyser Picked a Prickly Opponent." Representative Peyser (R., N.Y.) says he is going to run against Senator James Buckley in New York's Republican primary next year. Peyser says he does not consider Buckley a Republican, which will come as a shock to the Senate Republican Policy Committee, where Buckley lunches on Tuesdays. Peyser says that Vice President Rockefeller and his aides have encouraged him to run. Peyser says Rockefeller aides encouraged him to run by saying, "It's a free country." . . . As Connecticut goes, so goes the nation? Federal employees who specialize in guaranteeing the Rights of Humanpersons are watching Somers, Connecticut, where a waitress has filed a sex discrimination complaint against her boss, who fired her when she refused to shave her legs.

—CATO

---

matically reads a tape-recorded Message of Comfort just before the plane crashes. The Message is from the good book (Regulations 4169: 6-91) and says, "Whoop! Whoop! Pull up! Pull up!" Amen.

■ One feature of the new budget caught our suspicious eye—the proposed $51.9-billion deficit. Why not a nice round $52 billion? Why not give us editorialists an even $1-billion deficit a week to play with? Because the previous record high deficit was $51.9 billion (during World War II) and Mr. Ford does not want to admit he will be the biggest spender in history. Not, at least, until the deficit turns out to be much higher than expected, as everybody expects.

■ As token of the great responsibility with which our legislators handle these desperately needed public monies, this recent example from the Indiana Senate: running through a long list of motions, Senate reading clerk Tamara Kahn said, "I move that two all-beef patties, lettuce, cheese, pickles, onion on a sesame bun." "All in favor of the motion say 'aye,' " intoned Lieutenant Governor Robert Orr, alertly. "Aye," replied a chorus of well-trained lawmakers. Motion carried.

■ Garry Wills has a way with hyperbole. Last summer he compared Ramsey Clark to Abraham Lincoln, and surmised that God was ashamed of Himself (or ought to be) for creating Richard Nixon. Lately, however,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these good-nature stretchers have been giving way to frequent references to "semifascism" (William Rusher), "dangerous fanatics" (Alan Greenspan), "crazies" (just about everyone who attended the recent American Conservative Union powwow), "gun nuts" (just about everyone who opposes gun control), and "racism" (just about everyone). We are, frankly, a little worried about Garry. The poor guy is *surrounded* by lunatics.

Ford and Reagan Off Course

In a bizarre display of irrelevance, both President Ford and former Governor Ronald Reagan, debating at long range, failed to address themselves to the concrete issues —and opportunities—that now lie before the Republican Party and/or American conservatism.

The President has been arguing that the Republican Party must reach out to Democrats and independents if it is to become a potent force in American politics. In the abstract, the point is unassailable, even self-evident, given the Party's standing of 18 per cent in the polls. The question of just which Democrats and just which independents should be courted Ford did not offer to answer, and did not even indicate that he is aware of the question. He left the general impression, however, that the Party would have to be more liberal, if perhaps less so than the Democrats. All of this sounded like some half-remembered debate from the 1950s. Perhaps Mr. Ford will soon be coming out for Free Silver or the Missouri Compromise.

Secretary of the Interior Rogers Morton, trying to identify himself with the Ford position, added his own bit of hilarity. When a reporter asked him, "How will you keep this from looking like me-tooism?" Morton replied, "That's the difficult question. I'm not sure how we do it." If top officials in the Ford Administration think that "the difficult question" facing their idea of the Republican Party will be to provide some sort of marginal differentiation from the Democratic Party, then perhaps they should all be put out to pasture.

More comic touches were provided by the efforts of Republican liberals to promote "positive action" designed to ensure greater participation in Republican conventions by, ho-hum, minority groups, women, and the elderly. All of that is completely irrelevant to broadening the Republican appeal. Such liberals, pale imitations of the McGovernites and their quotas, would doubtless paint flower symbols on the *Titanic* as it went down.

Senator Howard Baker, who has virtually declared his candidacy for President, showed himself to be equally confused. This, he said, is not the time for "a conservative party, a liberal party, or any other party with a specific ideology." Baker perhaps plans to campaign on the platform that he knows what Nixon knew and when, and will tell us if elected.

In contrast to all this twaddle, the themes being articulated by Mr. Reagan are—in the abstract—sound enough: balanced budgets, strong national defense, and a reaffirmation of conservative principle. But though abstractly correct, this rhetoric does not speak to the needs of the moment, and does not provide a basis on which to crystallize a governing coalition. Those themes, as formulated by Reagan, are too far removed from the day to day realities amid which the vast majority of the people live.

The key political facts at the present time may be stated as follows. First, in America today the vast majority of people are middle class. And, second, that American middle class is being bled white by taxation and by the hidden taxation of inflation, and this is being done on behalf of assorted special interest groups. Chief among these is the new elite of social engineers, bureaucrats, researchers, program administrators, and communicators who are the immediate beneficiaries of post-1964 Great Society legislation, and who have no stake in lower taxes or lower federal budgets. The budget for HEW, for example, was $109.9 billion in fiscal 1975, and is projected at $118.4 billion in fiscal 1976. What the moment requires politically is an all-out reformist attack on the new federally sustained social engineering elite and its clientele. Since taxes and inflation have been deplored for as long as anyone can remember, simply deploring them again will not get us very far. A reformist attack will have to make it clear whose tax dollars are being transferred to whose pockets.

On that theme, in particular, a political alliance might well be constructed between traditional Republicans and particular "Democratic" and "independent" constituencies. After the economic point has been driven home, the lily can be gilded with busing and other social issues. Related issues can also be exploited, e.g., the enormous concentration of power in the electronic media monopolies, which is bound to loom ever larger as a political issue for reformists. A strong national defense is self-evidently necessary, but appeals on that ground garner few votes. The *voting* issues are domestic, and they are economic and social.

If that is grasped, then the vision of a "broadened" and less "exclusive" Republican or New Majority Party might be realized. Thus far neither Mr. Ford nor Mr. Reagan has given any clear sign that he grasps it.

Broad-Spectrum Parties

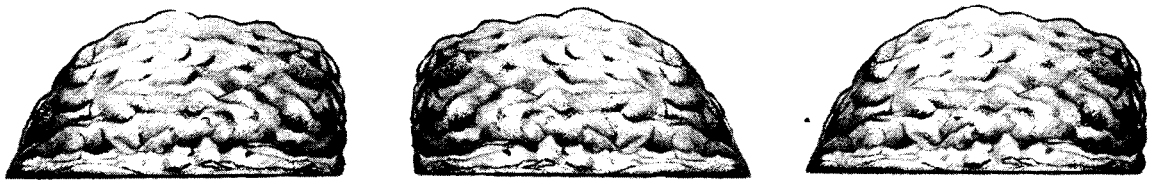
Let every flower bloom; let every thought contend.
—Mao Tse-tung

A curving rainbow's very pretty
Right after rain has washed a city.
A splashy Jackson Pollock painting
Leaves some ecstatic; others fainting.
But parties which refract all colors
Are mushy as a plate of Mueller's.
Since Hoover, all of this me-tooing
Is why we always take a screwing.

W. H. von Dreele

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where Do You Find The "New" Conservatives?



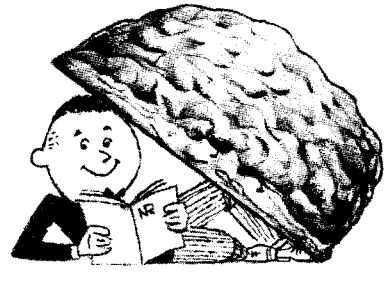
It stands to reason, an awful lot of potential conservatives (the "new" conservatives) in this land of over two hundred million people have never ever held a copy of **National Review** in their hands (what a shame *that* is!). We have no way of knowing who they are but we do believe they're missing something that could be mighty important to *all* of us—that unique other side of the news that you get only in NR. It's something you've simply got to have if you're going to be a truly informed conservative. And isn't that exactly what we need more of these days?

That's where you can help. We don't know where to find these potential conservatives but *you* do. They are people you already know who share at least some of your concerns about the kind of education their children are getting, the devouring tax bite, our zooming crime rate, our dwindling defense capability—the list goes on and on. Well, you can help them to share more of your concerns and, in fact, become your allies (and enjoy themselves while they're at it) by introducing them to **National Review.**

That's all there is to it. Just think of someone among your friends, neighbors, relatives or business acquaintances and send them an introductory subscription. They'll be pleased as punch to discover NR, you'll experience that warm feeling that comes from putting someone on to a good thing and we'll all be the better for it.

Use the card facing this page to introduce someone you know to **National Review** today (at the special rate of $6.95 for thirteen big issues) and get that potential conservative started in the *right* direction. The way things are going there'll never be a better time to do it than now. So send in your introductory subscription today.

It's Your Move!



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Buying Unemployment

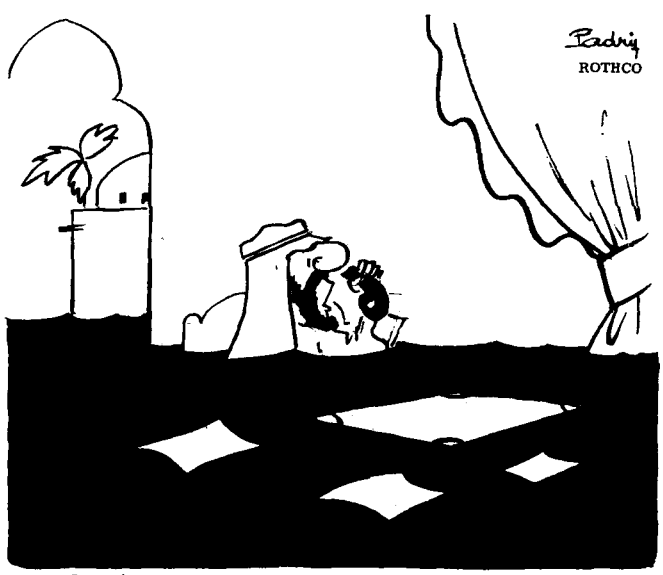
In the current *Harvard Business Review*, Professor Martin Feldstein has demolished some hoary myths about unemployment. The first is the view of unemployment as a hard core of potential workers who are unable to find jobs. Feldstein shows that the duration of unemployment is typically quite short, job turnover is extremely high, more than half of the unemployed are new entrants or reentrants to the labor market, and 58 per cent of those laid off are rehired by the same firm.

The second myth is that unemployment insurance replaces only a third of the lost income of the unemployed. This error comes from comparing the average unemployment benefit with the average wage of all workers, rather than with the average wage of those who have become unemployed, and also from comparing taxable income of employed workers with tax-free unemployment benefits. Making the appropriate corrections, Feldstein figures that benefits in prodigal states replaced more than 80 per cent of the net earnings for men and over 100 per cent for women. The net reward for taking a job is, in some fairly typical examples, less than fifty cents an hour.

The third myth is that most of those who collect unemployment compensation are poor, or would be poor in the absence of the benefits. Actually, the poor, because of unstable work or work in uncovered occupations, are least likely to qualify for the benefits. In 1970, 16 per cent of all households earned less than $3,000 (not counting unemployment benefits), but such households received only 6 per cent of the unemployment benefits. The 29 per cent of households earning more than $15,000 received 82 per cent of the benefits plus 34 per cent of the advantage from the tax-exempt status of those benefits.

One conclusion from all this is that unemployment benefits increase unemployment. The system almost eliminates any incentive to look for and take a job quickly—and thus extends the duration of unemployment, which raises the number unemployed at any one time and boosts the unemployment rate. Moreover, the benefits supplement income from unsteady work and thus provide an incentive to organize production in such a way as to utilize more seasonal, cyclical, and casual workers.

In December, Congress lengthened and broadened the unemployment benefits, a move which the Council of Economic Advisors estimates will "induce an increase in the measured unemployment rate by 0.7 percentage point." A new Labor Department study estimates that a $15 increase in weekly benefits adds a week to the average spell of unemployment. A 1973 Bureau of Labor Statistics survey found that two-thirds of the unemployed spent less than five hours a week looking for work, and one in three had turned down a job offer. A cynic might even find a solution here to the mystery of why the resort areas are flourishing in a time of high unemployment.



Padry, *Le Hérisson*, Paris — Rothco

"For pity's sake, doesn't anyone want some oil?"

Nasser's Heritage

In all ages military dictatorship has been a common and often the most common form of government. In the past, the military dictatorships have usually been fairly simple, straightforward affairs. The soldiers seized governmental power either because the polity was going to pieces under civilian rule or because the soldiers had developed an appetite for power; or both. The rule of the soldiers was based directly on their control of the available armed force. They seldom had anything more than a few traditional slogans for a political and social program.

In 1954 Lieutenant Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser and his colleagues inaugurated a new type of military dictatorship that is proving to be not a sport but a significant historical mutation. Nasser and his closest associates were not just tough professional officers. They had ideas about political and social issues; they sought power not merely for its own sake or as an emergency brake to prevent collapse, but to put their political and social ideas into effect. They saw their seizure of power not as a coup but as a revolution.

The ideas of the Nasserites were radical; a combination of intense nationalism, assorted social and economic notions adapted mostly from Marxism, and elements drawn from national, ethnic, and religious tradition.

At first outsiders didn't pay much attention to the ideological component of Nasserism; it was dismissed as a passing decoration to classic military rule. However, after a few years, this breed of radical, ideologized soldier began showing up in one country after another—in Latin America, Africa, Asia, even in Western Europe—and in several, seized power. The Peruvian generals are a conspicuous example. The Indonesian generals who ousted Sukarno are less ideologized but seem to be an Asian variant of the species. The Greek colonels admired the Nasserite example, however crude their imitation of it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the broadest sense, the present Brazilian military rulers belong to this Nasserite strain of soldiers-with-ideas, although in their case their radicalism is in some (though not all) senses anti-Marxist.

And now, apparently—though it is difficult to judge what is happening from the meager and inaccurate news coverage—it is the turn of Ethiopia. The officers who turned Haile Selassie out of office a year ago and subsequently slaughtered dozens of his entourage are also, it now begins to be seen, soldiers-with-ideas. The ideas of at least some of them stretch all the way to African Maoism. Since the beginning of this year they have decreed the breakup of all landed property of any size and the socialization of virtually all industry and banking.

At the moment the chief Ethiopian expression of the extreme nationalism that characterizes all variants of Nasserism is a drive to wipe out the rebel movements in Eritrea. In the process the military *dirque* (junta) has demanded arms from the United States, which had close relations with Ethiopia throughout Haile Selassie's reign: thus presenting us with one more of those unhappy dilemmas in which we have become mired so often over the past generation. If we refuse to supply the arms, we will assure the enmity of a government occupying a strategic position of critical importance. If we do supply the arms, we will be guaranteeing the enmity of the Eritrean rebels—who may in any case win independence and with it control of a crucial stretch of the African Horn—and at the same time antagonizing the Arabs who back the rebels.

Take it away, Mr. K.

Israel as an Issue

Maverick columnist Kevin Phillips takes note of the appearance among Jewish and Israeli intellectuals of significant dissent from prevailing Israeli policies vis-a-vis the Arabs, and he makes the point that though such dissent has received a good deal of attention and discussion in Europe it has been generally ignored by the media here. Thus, in December, Maxime Rodinson, professor of Old South Arabian Languages at the Sorbonne, delivered a lecture in London urging a solution by which Israel would accept a new Palestinian state, while the Arabs would formally accept an Israel stripped of its 1967 conquests.

Professor Israel Shahak of Jerusalem's Hebrew University similarly believes that Israel's survival depends on coming to terms with legitimate Palestinian claims, and on the return of the 1967 lands. Both received media attention in London. Finally, writing in *The Progressive* here, radical journalist I. F. Stone, an early and ardent supporter of Israel, urges Israel to turn to "the path of reconciliation" with the Arabs. "We cannot say we have a right to yearn for Palestine after 1,900 years and deny the Arabs the right to yearn for their homes after 19 years," he writes.

Phillips gives a sympathetic hearing to the view that because of media noncoverage, "the U.S. has been behind the rest of the world on the Palestine issue for ten years." A self-styled populist attuned to middle and lower middle class feeling, Phillips clearly feels that a constituency exists for a critique of the Israeli negotiating posture, particularly as Arab success with the oil weapon points to further economic disruption and unemployment.

Who Gets What

The publicity blitz on behalf of public enterprises, socialism, radical economics, and economic planning might lead you to believe that there is a genuine renaissance of medieval economic thought. "To a growing number of experts," says *Newsweek*, "the nation's current economic woes are evidence that the free market system cannot handle the problems of a complex interdependent world without more help." Yet those advocating this position have done so for decades, and each new list of experts looks just like the others. We now have the Initiative Committee for National Economic Planning composed of experts Michael Harrington, Wassily Leontief, Robert Heilbroner, Gunnar Myrdal, Carey McWilliams, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Leonard Woodcock, Betty Furness, Melville Ulmer, Robert Lekachman, John Kenneth Galbraith, and, yes, Chester Bowles, among others. That these bold young radicals are suddenly disenchanted with even a relatively free economy is certainly a Pulitzer-Prize-winning discovery.

The Committee is worried that we do not allocate resources, such as your wealth and labor, to meet "our most urgent national needs. In fact, we know that they are not so allocated." That is, these folks *know* what you and your neighbors *really* need, and that you can't get it through voluntary exchange. The proposed solution is a Planning Office which "would indicate the number of cars, the number of generators, and the quantity of frozen foods we are likely to require in, say, five years, and it would try to induce the relevant industries to act accordingly."

What if the inducements didn't work? The talk is mostly of favoritism in credit rationing or tax incentives (more "loopholes") at this stage, but each bureaucratic failure would doubtless be met with an appropriate increase in authority. Nor would it be realistic to permit a mere change of Administration to upset the Five Year Plan.

The *New York Times* defines planning as "efforts by the government to look farther ahead and to gather, analyze, and publish the information on which it is basing its policy decisions." Everyone might agree that government should plan its own activities better. But it is clear that the advocates of planning have much more than this in mind. Or rather much less, since the evidence is overwhelming that existing government regula-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reading the New York Times

Case is a "moderate"; Kennedy, too.
Javits is part of the moderate crew.
Humphrey and Muskie and Percy and Brooke
Always come off with the "moderate" look.
Even McGovern is granted the tag.
(When they tag Bella I'm going to gag.)
Where are the liberals? Nobody knows.
Maybe they're wearing the emperor's clothes.
Reagan, of course, if he's speaking tonight,
Finds *his* identity "far on the right."

W. H. VON DREELE

tion is a principal cause of our present discontents. The aspiring planners want nothing less than to allocate resources away from market-determined uses toward their own specific conception of "the national needs." And they cannot do so if individuals are free to thwart the plan in the market, or even to change it in the voting booth.

In searching for concrete examples, planners rarely mention such paragons of economic achievement as the planned economies of India, Bangladesh, Bulgaria, East Germany, or Allende's Chile. Instead, they point to France and Japan, where planning consists mainly of encouraging mergers, protecting cartels, and providing special tax breaks and subsidies to big business. It is hard to see how this sort of planning, a mild variant of corporatism, can be reconciled with the current populist-environmentalist urge to restrain industrial growth, break up concentrated industries, and increase business taxes and regulations.

"The statesman who should attempt to direct private people in what manner they ought to employ their capitals," wrote Adam Smith, "would not only load himself with a most unnecessary attention, but assume an authority which could be safely trusted to no council and senate whatever, and which would nowhere be so dangerous as in the hands of a man who had folly and presumption enough to fancy himself fit to exercise it."

Up Again: Death Penalty

In an unusual move, the Department of Justice has requested an opportunity to take part in the oral argument before the Supreme Court on a forthcoming case concerning capital punishment. The defendant, Jesse T. Fowler, was convicted of murder and sentenced to death in North Carolina. The 78-page Justice Department brief addresses broader issues than are in question in the Fowler case, which turns on the interpretation given by North Carolina courts to previous Supreme Court rulings.

Solicitor General Robert Bork is prepared to argue against the general proposition—toward which the Court has been tending—that capital punishment always violates the constitutional prohibition against cruel and unusual punishment. Bork will maintain that the death penalty, "a traditional sanction for those offenses society considers the most dangerous," should be left up to the determination of legislatures, judges, and juries.

The decision of the Justice Department to intervene in the largely tangential Fowler case probably reflects anxiety that this time the Court may well choose to ban capital punishment altogether as constitutionally impermissible. Attorney General Edward Levi is known to consider that capital punishment is called for by certain crimes committed under certain circumstances.

The arguments about the deterrent value of capital punishment have been with us for years and are largely moot. Conclusive evidence one way or the other regarding deterrence appears to be unobtainable, perhaps by definition: when a crime is *not* committed, it is probably impossible to account for the negative result. The humanitarian arguments against capital punishment are also thoroughly familiar, and were given classic expression by Albert Camus.

The most powerful argument in favor of capital punishment urges that some crimes are so outrageous and abhorrent, and so hostile to everything a society affirms as good or sacred, that the death penalty is called for. Any other response to such a crime would involve an impossible disproportion, would, indeed, involve a kind of spiritual treason.

To affirm the converse—that *no* crime whatsoever is so abominable that it thus deserves the death penalty—would be to say something about the society and about its own relationship to its deepest values.

The Rail Con

The debate over the fate of the Northeastern railroads has been confined to an unnecessarily narrow range of alternatives. The question is seen as one inquiring into exactly what *form* of centralized monopoly would be best, and how *much* money should be transferred from taxpayers in other parts of the country to the users and employees of the Northeastern rails. The alternative of total deregulation of surface transportation, despite impressive academic support, is rarely discussed.

Nationalization, of course, is the ultimate monopoly and the ultimate bail-out, providing an open pipeline to the Treasury. The American Public Transit Association will settle for $17.5 billion in federal subsidies through 1980—for openers. The U.S. Railway Association thinks $10 billion in capital subsidies would last 14 years, on the unlikely assumption that the ICC and the affected governors will allow the abandonment of 6,200 miles (the goal has already been pared from 15,575 miles) of little-used, unprofitable track. Regulation has burdened the rails with a system of cross-subsidies, where

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

once profitable routes supported the unprofitable, and recipients of such subsidies always manage to defend their largesse on the basis of the "public interest."

Hard business decisions, such as shutting down unprofitable lines or eliminating featherbedding, simply can't be made in any politicized system. That is the lesson of the ICC and Amtrak, and Conrail would be no exception. The political incentive is to hide or shift the burden of activities that don't justify their costs, rather than confront angry constituents or powerful labor unions.

In January, the railroad unions threatened to shut down 30 per cent of the nation's rail traffic, and for that they were rewarded with a 40.5 per cent pay increase over the next three years. Shortly thereafter, three railroads (the Penn Central, Rock Island, and Erie) threatened to shut down if Congress didn't provide X billion dollars, where X increases exponentially over time. The ICC did its part by rejecting a 7 per cent rate increase, on the theory that there is no point in having users pay for cross-subsidies and union blackmail when the Federal Government can simply pass the bill to taxpayers in Oklahoma and Montana.

Stifling transportation regulation has imposed tremendous waste on consumers, which economist Thomas Gale Moore estimated at up to $8.8 billion a year (way back in 1968, when a dollar was still worth fifty cents). Now the search for solutions is confined to subsidies and "consolidation," the latter apparently modeled after the merger of the Pennsylvania Railroad and New York Central which instantly converted two viable lines into a funnel for taxpayers' money.

The Wallace File

New York magazine has just given 11 pages and a cover to an article entitled "George Wallace Is Even Worse Than You Think He Is." It is jampacked with purportedly scandalous revelations. *Item:* When the author (then age eight) first met Wallace, in New York in 1958, Wallace was drunk, scalped some complimentary tickets to a baseball game, and insisted on taking a subway so he could "see the niggers." *Item:* In his first term as governor, Wallace raised the Alabama sales tax from 3 to 4 per cent. (New Yorkers will whistle through their teeth at that one. They pay only 8 per cent.) *Item:* Twelve years after Wallace became governor, Alabama still doesn't have a minimum wage law. *Item:* Under Wallace's regime, Alabama has tumbled all the way from 47th in per capita income to 48th. *Item:* Wallace people helped the Ku Klux Klan distribute phony pictures of Albert Brewer, Wallace's 1970 gubernatorial opponent, chatting with Elijah Muhammad and Muhammad Ali; spread rumors that Mrs. Brewer was a drunk and both Brewer's daughters pregnant with black babies; called nursing homes to announce that Mrs. Brewer would be dropping by for a campaign visit, so that the ensuing

"After her abortion, I agreed to a vasectomy. Now she's demanding artificial insemination."

"no show" would net the octogenarian vote for Wallace.

The article reminds one, not by accident, of a similar piece by Robert Sherrill last summer in *The New York Times Magazine*. Sherrill examined the data on the death of Mary Jo Kopechne, and his conclusions were so damaging that they are widely credited with deciding Edward Kennedy to announce his noncandidacy for 1976. The *New York* article, however, lacks a Chappaquiddick, and tries to make do with a heap of details. Some of them are trivial; others (like the Brewer business) are so outrageous they transcend outrage itself, striking the reader less as scandal than as regional tall tales. The net effect of the piece may be to help Wallace. After all, one may reason, if he could do it to Brewer, he might do it to Brezhnev.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I read with interest your article "Anglican Agony" in this morning's paper and would like to note that if you would prefer, I would be happy to arrange for you to receive the last rites of the Church in the traditional manner with a requiem high Mass, Latin and all. Lest you misconstrue the above to mean that I would be happy at your demise, please be assured that my joy would derive exclusively from the confounding of the ungodly and not in the passing of my favorite columnist. A small group of us in Orlando attend a church which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is traditional in every way. Proof of this came last Sunday when I realized that the usual 5 per cent of the congregation left immediately after communion instead of waiting for the last Gospel.

I have heard of several other such "traditionalist" groups throughout the country and am reassured that we aren't alone. Perhaps if you look hard enough you might find one in your locality. *Dominus vobiscum,*

Fred H. Kupfer
Winter Park, Florida

Dear Mr. Kupfer: There was one in our locality (in North Stamford, Conn.) but the priest received an episcopal injunction for saying the old Mass in Latin. One wonders whether he'd have been treated so harshly if he had scheduled a Black Mass . . . Thanks for the news. I shall attempt to be somewhere near Orlando when the time comes. Perhaps a visit to Disney World will push my diminishing frame over the brink. Cordially, —WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I enjoyed your column in the February 6 issue about the decline in the Catholic liturgy. . . . May I make a suggestion? With all your abilities, instead of practicing Yoga so as to block out the sounds of the modern ritual, it would be more beneficial to all if you could practice rising from the dead, so that when the solemn moment arrives and they wheel you in for your "Mass of the resurrection," you could at just the right moment scare the *hell* out of the assembly. God go with you,

Madge Hanrahan
112 E. 117th Terrace
Kansas City, Missouri

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In regard to the pronunciation of "covert," [*NR*, Dec. 20] I find that the only Websters I have are a large one from before 1945 and a newer New World college edition, and evidently they are either too old or too young to have been influenced by you or Willmoore Kendall because they give covert "Kuv'ert" with no choice (which I always count on).

Since you like "covert" pronounced "Kō'vert," perhaps you like its opposite "overt" called "Uh'vert"?

Sincerely,
Winfrey G. Synnestvedt
Bryn Athyn, Pa.

Dear Mrs. Synnestvedt: Come again? Cō-vert and ō-vert are consistent—like Bovary and ovary. Cordially,

—WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The recent discussion in your pages of sexist language prompts me to the following observations.

Among the more egregious of the many verbal insults to sexual equality is the use of "he" to mean both sexes. *Vide* the well known passage from Proverbs:

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty;
And he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

The blatant male chauvinism of this passage would be eliminated by replacing the ubiquitous "he" with "she" alone, viz:

She that is slow to anger is better than the mighty;
And she that ruleth her spirit than she that taketh a city.

Unfortunately, while this version would be poetic justice, it must be rejected as discrimination in reverse.

Another method would be to substitute for "he" the compound "he or she" (or, in the appropriate context, "his or her"):

He or she that is slow to anger is better than the mighty;
And he or she that ruleth his or her spirit than he or she that taketh a city.

Thus revised the passage is entirely free of sexism, but the gain is offset by the loss of clarity and conciseness.

An unobjectionable solution might lie in a fusion of "he" and "she," for example, "heshe" or "shehe." There is greater precision in these composite words, but regrettably both are phonetically repellent.

I think the most acceptable answer is a compromise:

I propose the words "shim," a composite of "she" and "him," and "shis," from the union of "she" and "his." Although a mixed bag grammatically, these synthetic terms are compact, unambiguous, and wholly without sexual signification. Moreover, "shim" has its analogue in the common English word meaning a thin piece of material wedged into a joint to take up wear or prevent squeaking. The quoted passage from Proverbs would then read:

Shim that is slow to anger is better than the mighty;
And shim that ruleth shis spirit than shim that taketh a city.

The slight loss of elegance in the revision is more than compensated by the passage's utter freedom from sexual invidiousness.

Extensions of the principle will doubtless occur to the thoughtful reader. Yours very truly,

Bertram Edises
Attorney at Law
Oakland, Calif.

. . . What worries me, Edises, is the slurs on mightyism, not to say the implicit disparagement of the spirited. So how about:

Shim that is slow to anger is betterworse than the mighty;
And shim that ruleth shis spirit than shim that taketh or loseth a city?

Cordially, **—WFB**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To Coin A Phrase

THE WASHINGTON Hilton is a large arch wrapped around a slight ridge in the gentle hill up which Connecticut Avenue runs toward the Maryland suburbs. The Hilton's main meeting rooms are beneath the lobby level, shut off from the light of day. Walking through the curvilinear halls is like walking through the bowels of an ocean liner. When the halls are clogged with about 2,500 lost souls attending a Republican National Committee Leadership Conference, the halls resemble the set for a disaster flick, a political *Poseidon Adventure*. The GOP world may not have turned upside down, but it has developed an alarming list, and the passengers are groping along, distrustful of their instincts, and a bit irritable.

At one panel discussion on the topic of the day—"broadening the Party's base"—Illinois Senator Charles Percy, who is a favorite target of conservatives, got in a little target practice of his own. He said that he thought the disaffected conservatives—he did not identify them, but neither did he trouble to pretend that he was not talking about them—"relish defeat" and "wouldn't know how to take victory." Senator Percy is understandably proud of the fact that he wins elections in the kind of state that Republicans must be able to carry if they are to be a competitive national party. Mr. Percy was reelected in 1972 with a majority of 1.2 million, and he is not bashful about rubbing this salt into the chapped skin of conservatives.

A questioner from the floor asked Mr. Percy to comment on a *Chicago Tribune* story quoting Ronald Reagan to the effect that perhaps GOP liberals like Mr. Percy and Senator Jacob Javits of New York would be better off if they left the GOP. Senator Percy responded: "There is nothing like a former Democrat telling a lifelong Republican where he can take his political affiliation."

Mr. Percy was warmly applauded, as was Missouri Governor Christopher Bond, who, at another meeting, said: "Frankly, I am a little tired of reading about Republicans meeting to discuss the so-called third party option, or organizing committees to 'watch' the President. This good and decent man doesn't need watching." Mr. Bond's target was the group of conservatives, many of them Reagan partisans, who have resolved to watch Mr. Ford for additional and intolerable signs of his indifference to conservative sensibilities.

But Mr. Reagan, too, was warmly applauded when, the next day, he addressed himself, a bit obliquely, to topic A: "broadening the Party's base." He warned that the GOP must not try to be all things to all people. Actually, being all things to all people is not the worry foremost in Republican minds. The foremost worry is a recent poll showing that the Party is nothing to 82 per cent of the people.

Kansas Senator Robert Dole, a former National Republican Chairman, showered his listeners with stinging statistics: "Eighteen per cent of the eligible voters . . . call themselves Republican. Almost two and one-half times that percentage call themselves Democrats. Of the remainder—the independents—twice as many who lean at all, lean toward Democratic candidates as toward Republicans." Then Senator Dole cut loose with a memorable contribution to the "*of course* the GOP means something . . . doesn't it?" literature:

> Republicans don't always agree on the best approach to solving problems. In fact the differences among us can be wide, and are often described, accurately, as philosophical. But despite all these differences there must be one thing about which it can be said—Republicans stand for this. There must be one thing Republicans stand for or else Republicans stand for nothing. It is not enough to say our purpose is to win elections. That doesn't answer the question why do we want to win elections. For what purpose do Republicans seek office?
>
> Republicanism must stand for something. It must mean something. But we Republicans have never made the mistake of others in claiming that we have a political creed that means everything. Republicanism doesn't stand for everything. Being a Republican, in other words, doesn't give you an answer to every problem. It doesn't impose a political orthodoxy.
>
> Being Republican involves you in a political institution which respects the diversity of its membership, relies on the give and take of rational dialogue to develop its political program, and helps to further that approach by conducting election campaigns.

Having tidied up that little matter, Mr. Dole glided off into a discussion of the new campaign financing laws. Mr. Dole is a genuine wit. He has real rhetorical gifts, and a fine scorn for cant. Yet there he stood, saying, "There must be one thing Republicans stand for or else Republicans stand for nothing."

WHILE SUCH speeches were being given, some young people politely handed out to the audience copies of the speech North Carolina Senator Jesse Helms delivered February 14 to the Conservative Political Action Conference. The speech included this passage:

"The Republican Party today carries with it the burden of a total misunderstanding of the feelings of its members by the majority of the American people. And the Republicans can not blame all this misunderstanding on the press or a lack of communication. The people all too often correctly understand what the leadership of the Republican Party is doing."

President Ford dropped by the conference for a bite to eat and a few remarks, including: ". . . you and I know one fundamental fact: the greatest contribution I can make to the country and to the Republican Party will be to make solid progress in solving our national problems—particularly our domestic difficulties." Which is to say: if the inflation is abating and the recession is receding in 1976, it doesn't matter what the Republican Party "stands for," and if they are not abating and receding, it doesn't matter what the GOP stands for. That is, a Party stands for its President's record, and the GOP should stand for, well, "peace and prosperity," to coin a phrase. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Detente Contradiction

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

At his March 6 press conference, President Ford was asked:

"*Q*. The question is raised by many critics of our policy in Southeast Asia as to why we can conduct a policy of detente with the two Communist superpowers in the world and could not follow a policy of detente should Cambodia and South Vietnam go Communist. Could you explain that to us?"

The President's reply showed that he could not:

"*A*. I think you have to understand the difference that we have with China —People's Republic of China—and with the Soviet Union. We don't accept their ideology. We don't accept their philosophy. On the other hand, we have to recognize that both countries have power bases in the world . . .

"Now, we don't expect to recognize or to believe in their philosophy. But it is important for us, the United States, to try and remove any of the obstacles that keep us from working together to solve some of the problems that exist throughout the world—including Indochina.

"Now the Soviet Union and the People's Republic of China have supplied and are supplying military assistance to South Vietnam [*sic*] and Cambodia [*sic*]. We have to work with them to try and get an answer in that part of the world; but I think that effort can be increased and the prospects improved if we continue the detente between ourselves and both of those powers."

Mr. Ford was just trying to mumble his way through a thicket; he didn't get within a mile of the question. But his confusion and evasion are not traceable, in this case, to personal defect. The March 6 questioner had peeked through the detente rhetoric; to the emperor's embarrassed incoherence, he was calling attention to the contradiction at the core of our present foreign policy.

In contrast to the attempts to explain it away, the contradiction is as plain as a pikestaff. Our government's conduct of foreign policy currently incorporates two incompatible attitudes toward Communism and Communist nations. According to one of these—detente, the more heavily orchestrated of the two —Communism, even if we don't like it much, is something we can get along with. We should relax (the literal meaning of "detente"); accept Communist nations as legitimate members of the global community and Communist organizations as legitimate political parties; make mutually beneficial agreements with Communist nations about arms and borders; expand trade, tourism, cultural exchange.

When Two Hands Meet

According to the second attitude—often referred to as "leftover cold war mentality"—Communist nations and Communism are a threat to our security and well-being; the expansion of Communist influence and rule intensifies the threat; we should resist such expansion and even seek to reduce the strength of Communism where already installed.

Secretary Kissinger scolds Senator Jackson for lousing up a friendly trade agreement with the No. 1 Communist power by quibbling over the right to emigrate; Secretary Kissinger then scolds the congressional leadership for refusing to vote military aid to be used fighting Communists in Southeast Asia. President Nixon exchanges fulsome toasts with the Communist chiefs at Peking and Moscow; President Nixon authorizes the CIA to destabilize a Chilean regime on the finding that it would end up under Communist domination. The Secretary of State tells us a negotiation with the primary Communist power has made an historical breakthrough toward arms control and limitation; the Secretary of Defense tells Congress it must provide more billions than ever for new supersonic bombers and global range submarines.

It is conceivable that a skilled dialectician could reconcile these opposites, but they are too much for the plain citizens of a mass democracy. If it's all right to drink champagne with Chou and Brezhnev, why is it necessary to keep shooting at North Vietnamese and Khmer Rouge? If we are ready to cozy up to Fidel Castro, why must we try to get rid of Salvador Allende just because he might be opening the door to Communist rule in Chile?

Although a foreign policy proceeds from an estimate of the geopolitical facts, it is not a passive description of facts. An effective foreign policy is also a model for comprehending the geopolitical situation and for guiding strategy. Our government held to the cold war policy, as it came to be called, from 1947 until a few years ago. Because this policy had a recognizable relation with facts, because it could be stated in fairly simple terms, and because it was internally consistent, the idea of the cold war could and did serve successfully as model and guide. We had an intelligible frame of reference for indoctrinating our soldiers, diplomats, and spies, for explaining to them what the nation was trying to do in its international operations and how their jobs fitted in. They could tell the Bad Guys from the Good Guys.

The Lost Map

The cold war model was also comprehensible to ordinary citizens. It gave the reassuring impression that the government knew at least what it was trying to do. And for more than twenty years the officials of the government, the members of Congress, the bureaucracy, the military, and the ordinary citizens went along, for the most part, with the government's conduct of foreign policy. There were inevitable arguments but no big splits over even such critical episodes as intervention in Greece and Iran, the Marshall Plan, NATO, troop landings in Lebanon, the Korean War, the 1962 missile confrontation, the earlier years of the Southeast Asia intervention. Congress voted the relevant appropriations by huge majorities. No one leaked classified documents or yakked about the CIA.

The development of an internal contradiction is not a sufficient explanation of the breakdown of support for the government's foreign policy, but it is a significant part of the explanation, and a revival of support is not likely unless the contradiction is resolved. The citizens have lost confidence because they feel their government doesn't know where it is going. And they are right. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

FORD'S HUNDRED DAYS

EVEN FOR ONE who regards Jerry Ford as an equivocal figure, it is hard not to feel sorry for him as he moves through his first hundred days with a new Congress.

He is right in confronting Congress as laggards. If there is going to be a tax cut (and we should have one within limits imposed by budgetary sanity), it should come sooner rather than later. A tariff on oil imports may not be the best way of lessening our dependence on Arab sources, or of saving our balance of payments, but if Congress has better ideas it should be working with some show of speed at the job of establishing its own consensus. Sam Rayburn and Lyndon Johnson, the congressional wizards of a departed era, would have had this business in hand long ago, but apparently none of their skills rubbed off on Speaker Carl Albert or Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, whose ideas of discipline would appall even a tenth-rate progressive educator.

Again, when it comes to the question of trust in foreign policy, consistency, or even decency, Jerry Ford is right and Congress is wrong. If Cambodia and South Vietnam are lost through congressional inertia, Communist pressure on Thailand and Malaysia will grow and the Western world will be forced to think of ways of defending the Singapore gate to the Indian Ocean. We may not be playing dominoes in Southeast Asia, but we are surely playing chess against some first rate players, and the loss of a few more pawns and a bishop or two is not going to help. When tired old Mike Mansfield clucks that he is sick of seeing pictures of Cambodian women and children being killed by American weapons, one wonders not only about his sense of history but also about his logic. Presumably he would find Soviet and Red Chinese weapons more appropriate until the killings (and the pictures) end in Cambodia for lack of victims.

The Democratic majority can hurry when it is a matter of harassing the CIA, but it is a mixture of molasses and glue about everything else. The differences between Jerry Ford and his former congressional buddies, however, are actually more apparent than real, especially when it comes to basic economic philosophy. Both the White House and Congress put their trust in the Employment Act of 1946, which legally requires government to keep unemployment within the unavoidable "frictional" limits of some 4 per cent, no matter what the effort may do to the economy. The unspoken assumption behind the Employment Act is that all depressions are alike. For a time last summer Jerry Ford seemed to dissent from this view. But when the automobiles stopped selling, the Michigander in him flopped over to the idea that this threatened to be the early Thirties all over again. The time had come to restore "purchasing power" by the old Keynesian methods.

Ronald Reagan, speaking at the recent Washington gathering of the conservatives, spotted the ideological consanguinity of Ford and the Congress when he asked: "What side can be taken in a debate over whether the deficit should be $52 billion, or $70 billion or $80 billion preferred by the profligate Congress?"

One could take a side between $52 billion and $80 billion if one knew more about the breaking points of camels' backs. The question is whether Ford's $52-billion deficit constitutes another whirl at Keynesianism. For twenty years I have listened at free enterprise monetary and economic conferences to predictions that the Bretton Woods era must end with a final inflationary crisis. I believe this myself. But the question of timing is uncertain. Governments don't permit "collapse"; they move in with strong-arm methods to

Mr. Chamberlain was formerly with Time, Fortune, *and the* New York Times. *He is now a syndicated columnist.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

make their decisions stick, using "controls" that hurt productivity without completely killing it. By fate or luck, a war or an unforeseen invention or a new "ladder" industry may come along to make even a whopping inflation palatable for another round. Weimar Germany went under, but Brazil persists, and even Harold Wilson's sick England is a long time dying.

Both Ford and the Congress are gambling on the similarity of depressions. But 1975 is not 1932. In the Thirties, when Keynes began talking about the virtues of the Pharaohs' pyramid-building economy, "compensatory" spending had pragmatic room in which to operate. Prices had fallen to a point where moneymaking was incompatible with union wage scales. Keynes thought the unions were too powerful to allow for a solution through wage cutting, so he advocated lowering "real" wages by reflating the currency while nominal wages remained unchanged.

One could take a side between $52 billion and $80 billion if one knew more about the breaking points of camels' backs

In 1937 John L. Lewis and Walter Reuther defeated Keynes's sly notion by utilizing their new-found bargaining power to push wages ahead of productivity. This provoked a depression within a depression, and it took the war to bail the Keynesians out. The point to be made for 1975, however, is that Keynesian borrowing in the Thirties came at a low-cost, low-price time when government debt did not amount to much. We still had a future to be taxed. Murray Rothbard's "reserve fund" had not been exhausted.

How much of a taxable future still remains? William Pardridge, an unorthodox economist who carries out his gloomy researches in Stanardsville, Virginia, has investigated the debt-production ratio for the past decade. He comes up with the unsettling conclusion that more and more of our debts, both public and private, go to finance past accretions, and less and less to create new production. A third of our GNP is taken for interest on total debt, public and private. Says Mr. Pardridge, it's like taking heroin: the "fix" grows larger and larger and the euphoric effect on the fixer less and less certain. Mr. Pardridge worries more about the $1.8-trillion private debt than he does about the $300-plus billion of the national debt, but the staggering billions we must pay on federal borrowings are warning enough. "Fixes" can't go on forever.

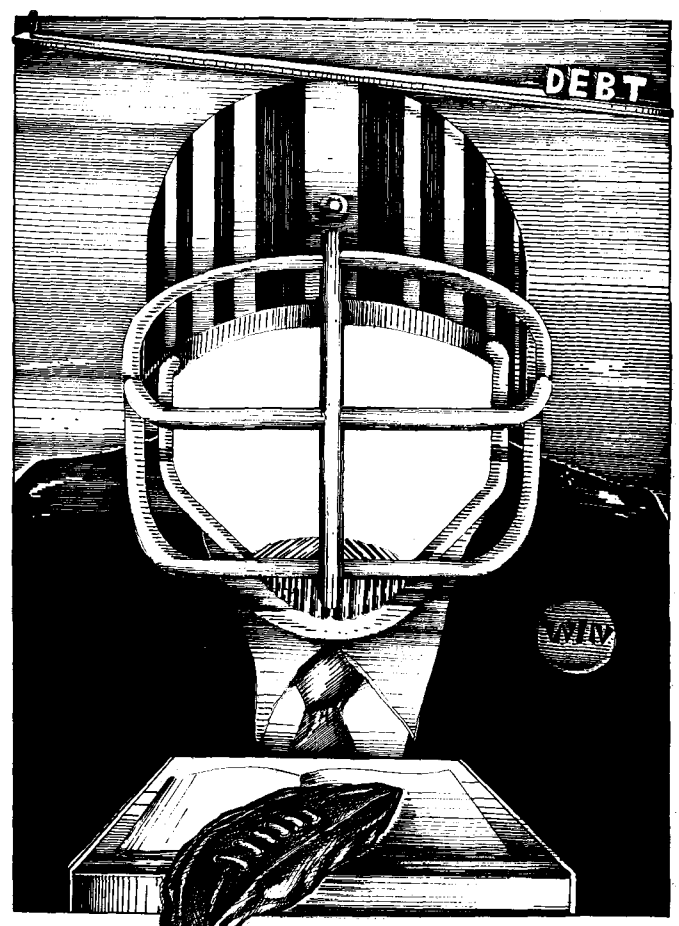
Jerry Ford's $52-billion deficit, or the Congress' $80 billion, must be shot into the arm of a debilitated organism. Maybe the organism will stagger through once more. Indeed, no less a person than Milton Friedman thinks it may happen. Friedman believes that $52 billion—let alone $80 billion—in deficits would be highly inflationary, but the chickens, if they are allowed to hatch in 1975, won't come home to roost until after the 1976 election.

As matters stand now, inventories are being worked down. For example, Arthur Burns's tight money policies had meant that people couldn't afford either Ralph Nader's safety gadgets or Detroit's gas consuming carburetors, so Detroit, wanting to clear the decks for the future, has offered rebates to buyers. With bargains appearing throughout the economy, the price index will have to be made sensitive to rebates and under-the-counter deals. There will still be inflation, but not double digit inflation. Mortgages will once again be within reach, and the building trades should therefore revive to some extent.

However, aside from the spending recommendations, the "package" Ford submitted to Congress is distinctly lacking the pizzazz needed to restore consumer confidence. The proposed tax rebate for 1974 would, for many, be eaten up by the rise in the price of gasoline that must accompany a $1 to $3 tariff. Big tax cuts for 1975 and 1976 to be paid for out of government borrowing would add to immediate purchasing power, but at some point along the line the cumulative effect of the borrowing must be to rob Peter (private investment money) to pay Paul (the low and middle income voter).

These things won't all happen at once, which allows Milton Friedman to be hopeful for the short run. The gloom comes in when one considers that, with the Ford rebate and the tariff-dictated rise in oil prices canceling each other and the government indulging in massive borrowing to pay for "public service" jobs, the competition with industry for loan money must drive the interest up beyond the double digit point again. It would be our next President (Jerry Ford?) who would have to face the music of the proposed fiscal 1976-77 unbalanced budgets.

Thoughts of a 1977 credit crunch and more double digit money may bother Ford more than they do the congressional McGovernites. But the man who had all those WIN



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

buttons made to fight the "Number One enemy, inflation," simply lost his nerve. With Milton Friedman telling Ford that the policies he toyed with last summer are now taking hold, is it too late for a presidential change of heart?

Within parameters dictated by fiscal sobriety Ford could still go to Congress for his tax cuts and for some sort of bill that would raise the price of gas to a point that would diminish imports from the OPEC cartel. Relief would still be a political necessity, but why set up the costly machinery necessary to create "public service" jobs that would surely be unionized and made permanent by George Meany and

Since congressional membership runs to lawyers, not entrepreneurs, it lacks any sense of industrial adventurousness

Jerry Wurf? In the huge budget for HEW there are many items that could be cut; after all, the country lived and prospered long before an HEW existed. Does the National Endowment for the Arts and Humanities need $14 million more than was appropriated a year ago? Isn't it time to explore ways of reducing the cost of Social Security by offering optional "outs" to those who would guarantee to take out substitute retirement insurance? The Post Office has been made a public corporation; couldn't it be sold off to private competitors? Must there be so many grants for research into juvenile delinquency in Japan, the behavior of cockroaches in Germany, and the reaction of the public to rock and roll? Senator Harry Byrd will gladly extend this list on request.

Of course, this Congress won't do any budget paring. It has already overruled the President's attempt to cut down the cost of a food stamp distribution that reaches fifty million people. But if Jerry Ford could only be moved to voice some really vigorous protest about spending, Congress might be dissuaded from jumping the planned deficit from $52 billion to $80 billion.

The thing that particularly stuck in Ford's craw through February was congressional animosity toward the proposed oil import tariff. Ford's worries about transferring much of our capital plant to Saudi Arabian and Kuwaitian ownership to keep our automobiles running are well founded. But the tariff represents no long term solution. What is needed is a change of attitude that will speed up the development of substitute fuels. Ford's heart is in the right place here, but have his crusading passions been sufficiently aroused? The Occidental Oil Company thinks it has a way of pressing oil out of oil shale by so-called *in situ* methods, which means doing it underground without littering the landscape with an unsightly and unwieldy overburden. Why isn't the government, which owns so much of the oil shale, pushing this? Why do we still dawdle about leasing offshore drilling rights? True, New Jersey, New York, and other states are claiming jurisdiction, but there is already a court decision in this matter that favors the Federal Government; and, in the unlikely event that the decision will some day be overturned, the states could be reimbursed out of the income of some producing wells.

If we must have subsidies, any oil tariff money that flows into federal coffers should be rechanneled into alternative energy projects. The Nebraska state experiment in substituting a grain or wood alcohol for 10 per cent of the gasoline used in state vehicles has already passed a "mini" test and is moving into a statewide "maxi" phase. Lumber company pulping waste is a good source of a likely automotive fuel supplement, and, since the Federal Government owns so much forest land, it might easily provide enough pulping liquor to force a break in Arab oil cartel prices.

Since congressional membership runs to lawyers, not entrepreneurs, it lacks any sense of industrial adventurousness. But Jerry Ford comes from Michigan, the originator of much of our enterprise, and even though he is a lawyer himself, his horizons should be broader than those of the average congressman.

As an ex-football player Jerry Ford should have another advantage over the average legislator. Football is a game of flanking maneuvers, nicely balanced between the offense and defense; and if Senator Mansfield can't see the need to keep the Communists from turning Western flanks, Ford should be in a position to enlighten him. Unfortunately, Ford has tended to go along with conventional thinking about the value of detente. His projected trip to Peking has encouraged those who would willingly see Taiwan pass into Red Chinese hands. I don't blame Ford for Kissinger's Middle East opportunistic Talleyrandism, for Kissinger, with a weak hand to play, can't very well order the Soviet Union out of the Levant. The truth is, as Admiral Zumwalt says, we could not fight a successful naval war in the Eastern Mediterranean. We would have no assured supply line, for it has been touch and go in Cyprus, Greece, Italy, and, most ominously, Portugal (which gives us rights in the Azores). Kissinger has been doing well under the circumstances to keep "jaw, jaw" in the Middle East from relapsing all over again into "war, war."

But if Kissinger has been astute in playing a weak hand, it might occur to Jerry Ford to ask why that hand has lost its strength

But if Kissinger has been astute in playing a weak hand, it might occur to Jerry Ford to ask why that hand has lost its strength. The SALT I and II deliberations have had much to do with it. Our old lead in atomic weapons has evaporated; the Russians, with their city-buster SS-9, will soon be way ahead in throw weight. We had the advantage of MIRVing our missiles, which gave a spread-out striking power to our warheads. But the Soviets, who are permitted to match us in sheer number of missiles, are now busy MIRVing their own ICBMs. We claim to be still ahead in accuracy, but the Vladivostok "understanding" gives the Soviets the opportunity to surpass us here within stated upper limits. What is to stop them from working on the so-called Terminal MRV, which could hit a hardened silo on the nose?

Personally, I doubt that either side would ever risk an atomic first strike for fear of the retribution it would bring

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from the atomically armed submarine fleets that lurk within retaliatory range of strategic targets and great cities. But the damage of SALT is political. Our allies know that our nuclear umbrella gives them no protection if we lack the will to use it. The stress is thrown back on conventional weapons. NATO, strong in the center of Europe, is weak on its Scandinavian and Mediterranean flanks. And the Soviets have been outbuilding us on the sea and under the sea. Our offshore oil development, whether in the North Sea or off the North American coasts, will be vulnerable to Russian sea power. Our fleet is still potent, but it is getting old. So is the B-52 bomber.

A first order of business for Jerry Ford should be to begin the renovation of our sea power and to get going with the B-1 bomber. But the Democrats in Congress are trying to slice $5 billion from the Pentagon's budget. Chairman George Mahon of the House Appropriations Committee says the cut must be made because of the "climate that confronts us." Well, how much has the Kissinger-blessed yearning for detente contributed to making that climate what it is? We must play from a weak hand, but Kissinger may have made us the victim of a self-fulfilling prophecy.

In any case, it is time for Jerry Ford to stop the descent into weakness. Congress won't help him if he fails to take his case to the country. The mistake of SALT I and Vladivostok can be rendered harmless if the U.S. presses ahead with the laser technology that gave us the "smart" bomb and could, by developing a satellite delivery system, make the nuclear missile obsolete. But this means more R&D, which is not encouraged by the "climate." Remembering that the U.S., Britain, and Japan reached an agreement to limit battleships at the very dawn of the aircraft carrier age, one is tempted to theorize that the SALT agreements are acceptable because they deal with weapons that are on their way out. But John Fisher of the American Security Council says that such theorizing would be valid only on condition that we are now hard at work on the arms that are destined to supplant or stop the missile. He doubts very much that we are doing the necessary R&D for the next generation of weapons; the passion to be nice to the unreciprocating Russians governs the whole course of our negotiations.

God, said Bismarck, takes care of drunks, fools, and the United States of America. But if things break right this time, it will hardly be because Congress has lent God a helping hand. Save for our belated move to build the Alaskan pipeline we haven't done much to rescue the free world from the grip of the Arab-Iranian oil cartel. We do little to encourage nuclear power or coal to take the stress off oil. Our maligned big oil companies, hemmed in and chivvied at home, have had to turn their prospecting energies to foreign parts. Thanks to Mobil, Union, and Atlantic-Richfield, Indonesian production is increasing. The Taiwanese have hit a significant gas deposit in sheltered waters, with a likelihood of oil in the proximity. Ireland has discovered its own offshore gas, and Esso (as it is still called in Ireland) has capped a mysterious well in the Irish Sea. The proven reserves of the North Sea will make Norway rich, and could even bring an end to Britain's woes if Harold Wilson's government were disposed to be less greedy. Some of the North Sea oil will surely find its way to Rotterdam, to help Western Europe achieve a semi-independence from the Middle East and North Africa. Finally, a producing well has just come through off the coast of South Vietnam. If the Saigon government can only get through the next two or three years it will be able with oil money to command arms in the marketplace no matter what Senator Mike Mansfield chooses to think.

But the damage of SALT is political. Our allies know that our nuclear umbrella gives them no protection if we lack the will to use it

The trouble with waiting for the market to rescue our supposed allies is that the Communists do not sleep. A Communist coup in Portugal, a new showdown in the Middle East, the collapse of the anti-Communist front in Indochina, a thundering bankruptcy in Italy, the death of Franco in Spain or Tito in Yugoslavia, a Soviet decision to put laser-guided bombs on a space platform while Soviet troops are moving in the Balkans—any one of these things would confront Jerry Ford with a crisis that would require unusual understanding and cooperation on Capitol Hill.

Communists, of course, have their troubles too. Their invading armies don't operate well during the Cambodian and South Vietnamese rainy season. The Hanoi Politburo is split between those who want to go for broke quickly in South Vietnam and those who think the Thieu government can be counted on to eviscerate itself. The Samson psychology of the Israelis and the Taiwanese imposes a certain restraint on their enemies, who are fearful that their own forces might be inside the temple when it is pulled down. The Soviets still show an interest in acquiring Western technology over an extended period of time. But if the dam gives way at a single point, why would the Communists be disposed to wait before going into action all over the globe?

Our present crop of isolationists on Capitol Hill do not ask this question. Jerry Ford has surely asked it in private of Henry Kissinger. But whispering is not leadership. Someone must find a way of rubbing the noses of the congressional Democrats in reality, and if Ford won't do it, who will? □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Audition free for 10 days Karl Böhm's superb Deutsche Grammophon recording of

Mozart's Six Greatest Symphonies

SPECIAL BONUS: Mozart's Piano Concertos Nos. 12 and 26

All 4 International Award-Winning Records For Less Than The Price Of 1!

Your Introduction To The Unique Money-Saving Program That Offers Free Auditions Of Prize-Winning Recordings By The Leading Concert Artists Of Our Time!

Mozart—music's greatest natural genius! Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart — divinely gifted beyond any other musician who ever lived! And into his six greatest symphonies he poured a multitude of his most astonishingly beautiful, incredibly moving inspirations!

Symphony No. 41, "Jupiter"
Symphony No. 40 in G-minor
Symphony No. 39 in E-flat
Symphony No. 38, "Prague"
Symphony No. 36, "Linz"
Symphony No. 35, "Haffner"
Extra! Symphony No. 32

Now you are invited to hear these miraculous works in their finest recording . . . interpreted with extraordinary empathy by Karl Böhm . . . played to perfection by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra . . . captured in unsurpassed stereo realism by Deutsche Grammophon. So outstanding is this recording that it has won *three* of the music world's most eagerly sought honors: the Grand Prix International du Disque, Edison Award and Deutsche Schallplatten Prize! In addition, you will also receive Mozart's Piano Concertos Nos. 12 and 26, "Coronation," superbly performed by soloist Geza Anda with the Salzburg Camerata Academica—winner of the coveted Grand Prix des Discophiles.

Now enjoy and keep these 4 superb albums for less than the price you'd pay for 1!

Because these magnificent recordings have met with almost unprecedented acclaim, they have been chosen to introduce you to The Great Awards Collection, a totally new concept in home listening. You may enjoy all eight masterpieces, on four superb-quality, imported records, for 10 days absolutely free. Then keep all four if you wish, for only $6.98 *(that's less than the price you'd pay for just one record)!* Simply mail the attached card or coupon today.

Collect the world's greatest music—only in award-winning albums!

As a member of The Great Awards Collection you will receive only the finest recordings of prize-winning concert performances by top orchestras, conductors and soloists. Distinguished jurors each year select, from the hundreds of classical releases, the "golden few" that will be offered to members of The Great Awards Collection. Every month you'll enjoy free 10-day audition privileges on each award-winning single LP. Of course, you have the option of keeping or returning each one so you'll never waste a penny on disappointing purchases!

Special half-price bonus offer saves you money!

In addition to great music, you'll enjoy great savings with our half-price bonus plan. For every record you buy at our low members' price (always well below suggested retail), you may choose another one from a list of award-winners and other critically-acclaimed LPs and pay just half that price! A truly economical way to build your library of superb classical recordings.

How many records are you committing yourself to buy when you return the attached coupon? *None at all!* Even your introductory set of *Mozart's Six Greatest Symphonies* and *Piano Concertos 12 and 26* comes to you *on approval.* Audition it free for ten days, then either return it—or keep it for only $6.98 for all four records (plus a small postage/handling charge).

Here at last is the ideal way to acquire a connoisseur's record library in easy stages. You listen at home to every award-winning selection before deciding whether to buy it! Please act today! Begin your money-saving, no-obligation membership in The Great Awards Collection by mailing the attached card or coupon for your free trial, with four-for-less-than-the-price-of-one purchase option of this essential collection of Mozart's Six Greatest Symphonies and exquisite Piano Concertos Nos. 12 and 26.

Eight ways The Great Awards Collection helps you enjoy fine music more than ever!

1. The greatest music by the world's immortal composers.
2. A major, award-winning recording each month.
3. Superior imported LPs—silent surfaces.
4. Free ten-day trials of all selections.
5. All selections always far less than retail price.
6. Extra savings with Half-Price Bonus Plan.
7. No obligation to buy—no minimum purchase.
8. Money-saving introductory offer.

Send no money now—Mail coupon TODAY!

29830/Q90

Listen for 10 days free. Keep all 4 for less than the price of 1!

The Great Awards Collection • 175 Community Drive • Great Neck, N.Y. 11025

Please send me, for my free audition, the triple-award-winning recording of Mozart's Six Greatest Symphonies by Karl Böhm, together with Geza Anda's award-winning performance of Mozart's Piano Concertos Nos. 12 and 26. I may return the set after 10 days and owe nothing, or keep it and pay only $6.98* for all four Deutsche Grammophon records, plus a small postage/handling charge. This is all four records for less than the regular price of one!

I will also receive a free ten-day audition each month of another award-winning recording of great music. For every one of these records I buy at your members' price (always below suggested retail), I may also choose one record at half that price from your special list. I am not obligated to buy any minimum number of records. I may cancel my membership at any time.

*Sales tax added for New York residents.

NAME (please print)

ADDRESS APT. NO.

CITY STATE ZIP

Offer limited to the connecting 48 states. Offer expires 9/1/75. Limit: one membership per household. Only new members eligible. NOTE: All applications are subject to review, and we reserve the right to reject any application.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Year of Energy Action

We're for pleasure-riding. By making mass transit a pleasure.

Last year, Congress promised to help public transportation with $11.8 billion in federal funds to expand services and subsidize fares. The idea—a good one—is to woo people away from their cars, mass transit being two to four times more fuel-efficient than the automobile.

Now it's up to the cities and states to use this money wisely and imaginatively on train and bus systems. One approach we particularly like: the mushrooming minibus systems serving the sprawling suburbs. They carry commuters to their trains, eliminating the need for gasoline-guzzling station cars. They help kids move about without chauffeuring by mom. They enable senior citizens to shop conveniently.

Many people in Westport, Conn., were skeptical when the town's little fleet of minibuses first got rolling last August. But their seven routes loop past so many homes and businesses that the new system quickly won converts. Out of 27,000 Westporters, no fewer than 5,000 bought annual passes. Traffic is up to 1,800 riders on weekdays, 2,500 on Saturdays and holidays.

The reasons for the system's success aren't hard to spot. The 16-seat buses are clean and attractive. They have big, sightseer-type windows and air conditioning. Seats are roomy and comfortable. Automatic transmission makes for smooth starts and stops. Westport, sold on the buses' convenience, is buying additional vehicles and adding routes. A new dial-a-ride service will even pick up riders at their homes during off-hours. People have come to *like* public transportation because, for a change, it's *likeable*.

Want minibuses in your town? Or better trains? Work for them. Write your local officials, state legislators, the governor. And help make 1975 the Year of Energy Action.

Mobil®

© 1975 Mobil Oil Corporation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM LONDON

The Tories' Big Gamble

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

NOW THAT the battle for the leadership of Britain's Conservative Party is over, having produced its startling result, I feel rather like an Indian general whom I saw being interviewed on television after the Indo-Pakistan war. "Well," he said jovially, "it was a very short war, but I can honestly say I enjoyed every minute of it."

Since I have never much approved of pretending impartiality in these matters, I should perhaps declare my commitment. After a good deal of heartsearching, I did write to Mrs. Margaret Thatcher (just before, I'm glad to say, the first ballot), expressing, for what it was worth, my support for her.

So, from my point of view, the battle for the leadership produced the right result; the best available result, at least; certainly the only interesting possible result. It is, of course, interesting partly because Mrs. Thatcher is a woman, the first to become leader of any major political party in the Western world. But this was no triumph for Women's Lib; Mrs. Thatcher is as contemptuous of that sort of nonsense as I am. She may not look like Mrs. Meir, but her baby blue dresses, spun gold hair, and pink and white complexion are, as people have already begun to realize, deceptive. She is highly political, ambitious, and steely.

A year ago, however, even six months ago, she wasn't thinking seriously about the leadership. Not only did she regard herself as lacking the necessary experience, but she said then that Britain was not ready for a woman Prime Minister. She had held just one ministerial post, of a kind which is often thought suitable for women. She had been Minister of Education. "Margaret Thatcher, milk snatcher," schoolchildren used to sing—encouraged, no doubt, by their left wing teachers—because she stopped the wholesale, and very expensive, distribution of free milk to children over the age of seven. During the last election campaign she was compelled by Mr. Heath to put forward a scheme for subsidized house purchase in which she didn't really believe. Although it was Mr. Heath who had brought her into the cabinet, relations between the two were less than cordial: but neither of them, nor indeed anybody else, could have predicted what was to happen.

The basic fact, which has been true since the election defeat of February 1974, although neither he nor his supporters would admit it, was that Ted Heath had to go; not simply because he lost two elections, but because a sizable faction of the Conservative Party, inside Parliament as well as out, became convinced that he must go. They believed —rightly, in my opinion—that Mr. Heath's government had taken a disastrously wrong turn, mainly in its economic policies, in its tendency toward a corporate state and its huge inflation of the money supply, and (which was the fatal argument) that Mr. Heath had learned nothing and would do it again if he had the chance.

Sir Keith Joseph, on the other hand, although he was a member of Mr. Heath's cabinet, had learned something. He did what almost no politician ever does—he publicly repented. "I have only been a Conservative for a few weeks," he said recently with touching candor. So, for the first time, the anti-Heath faction saw somebody whom they could support to replace him.

BUT NO machinery existed for sacking the leader. Although Mr. Heath himself was the first Conservative leader to be elected by his fellow Members of Parliament, instead of simply emerging by what Mr. Macmillan described as "the customary processes" and others, more disapprovingly, stigmatized as the operation of a "magic circle," no provision had been made for any subsequent reelection. However, after the Conservatives' defeat in October, the pressure on Mr. Heath built up until it became irresistible. He was forced to submit himself to some kind of reelection: and Alec Douglas-Home, the leader whom he pushed out ten years ago, was commissioned to look at the rules and devise a method. Lord Home's committee produced a highly complicated voting system, which involved a succession of ballots and is supposed to be repeated annually. Almost every Conservative, including Lord Home, now regrets that they ever abandoned the old "magic circle" method: but the myths of progress and democracy inhibit them from going back.

While these maneuvers were taking place, Keith Joseph decided that he would not be a candidate for the leadership, apparently because he didn't feel psychologically stable or durable enough. So the anti-Heath faction switched their support to Margaret Thatcher, who had been associated with Keith Joseph in his repentance and conversion to conservatism.

Mr. Heath's supporters, the "Ted-shaped" politicians whom he had gathered round him and whose future careers depended on his survival, began fighting back ruthlessly and brashly. They inserted an extraordinary advertisement in the newspapers, signed "Friends of Ted Heath," urging everybody to send telegrams to the House of Commons supporting him. A faction of very left wing Young Conservatives donned T-shirts bearing the slogan "We want the Grocer" (which was Mr. Heath's nickname, given him by the satirical magazine, *Private Eye*) "not the grocer's daughter" (Mrs. Thatcher's father was actually a grocer). And a campaign of denigration was launched against her; she was said to be too right wing, too middle class, too suburban, too divisive socially, geographically, and ideologically.

The newspapers were split. The *Times* eventually came out against Mr. Heath, on the grounds that he seemed still not to recognize his economic mistakes. The *Daily Telegraph*, although its bright young editorial writers were personally all in favor of Mrs. Thatcher, deliberately sat on the fence. The *Daily Express* campaigned for Mr. Heath. The bookmakers' odds and the public opinion polls said he was going to win.

He didn't. He was knocked out in the first ballot: and, from then on, the

Mr. Lejeune is NR*'s correspondent in London.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whole affair looked quite different. Immediately—and for no reason, except vanity, that anyone could discover—not only William Whitelaw, who was the Heath faction's second choice, but three other insubstantial Conservative Members of Parliament jumped into the ring, thus splitting the anti-Thatcher vote. The impetus of events began moving formidably in her direction. All the woolly liberals in the Conservative Party and in the press started squealing like the Devil when touched with holy water. The *Times* gave its support to Mr. Whitelaw with the remarkably honest, if somewhat ingenuous, preamble that he was the sort of person whom the *Times* would naturally support. Mr. Whitelaw, as his television appearances made all too obvious, is a big amiable silly.

Mrs. Thatcher, on the other hand, was becoming crisper and more confident all the time. When she stepped out of her house, having had only two hours' sleep after a grueling all-night session in Parliament, a woman reporter in the crowd outside asked how she felt. "Just as I look," she said. "And how's that?" asked the reporter. "Well, you can see me, dear," replied Mrs. Thatcher, "I can't."

People liked that. They liked her courage, and they were increasingly inclined to despise her carping opponents. Nobody now was confident about the next ballot, but it looked like a close thing. It wasn't. Mrs. Thatcher got 149 votes to Mr. Whitelaw's 70; nobody else got more than 19. So she was the outright, unquestionable winner.

How she will turn out remains to be seen. I'm quite sure she will be an effective performer, both in and out of Parliament. Dutiful assurances that she is not really right wing are already being given by those who believe that right wing is a bad thing to be: but her victory should mean that the Conservative Party recovers a clearer identity than would now be possible under Mr. Heath, who is not interested in ideas and who, latterly, was chained to his record in government.

Electorally it is, admittedly, a big gamble. *The Economist* predicted that, if Mrs. Thatcher became its leader, the Conservative Party would be out of office for twenty years: but I'm inclined to think she may go down rather well with the general, relatively uncommitted, public. What her opponents call "middle class values" are simply the old virtues of thrift, self-reliance, and discipline; and belief in them is surely not confined to any single class or region. Some women won't like her, and some male chauvinist pigs won't like her: but others will.

I don't even think that what have, admittedly, been the somewhat hilarious antics of the Conservative Party during the past few weeks will have done much harm. On the contrary, people have been interested and entertained by it all; their attention has been drawn back to the Conservatives; and, having laughed at the clowns, booed the villains, and admired the heroine, they may now listen to the message. Behind the slanging and the slapstick, the right things are actually being discussed: and Mrs. Thatcher may prove to be (in the absence, some would say, of Enoch Powell, who is still waiting in the wings) the best man the Conservatives have got. □

Firing Line Guest: Gulliver

Mr. Buckley: We have with us tonight a man whose travels
to Lilliput,
Where he got himself tied down from head to fut,
Escaped and got involved in another bag,
With the giants of Brobdingnag,
To say nothing of what he went through
With the likes of the Yahoo,
We read about as children for their fun and adventure,
But now read with an eye to social and political censure.
I mean, who can forget, Mr. Gulliver,
How fulliver
Lot of nifty and
Incredible escapes, spiced with Swiftiand
Satire, your life was.

Gulliver: Just between us,
Mr. Buckley, I should never have left private practice.
For the simple factice,
I am still in a state of confusion
From my dealings with the Lillipusion,
And those horse-faced people, the Houyhnhnm.

Mr. Buckley: I don't wonder. Most of us could tolerate
only an absolute mihnhmum
Of that kind of disorientation.

Gulliver: How would *you* like to wake up and find you've
been staked down by a nation
Of people no bigger than your thumb?
I felt pretty dumb.

Mr. Buckley: And scared I don't doubt.

Gulliver: It did me oubt
Of five years of my life. See this grey hair?
Why, I'm lucky I'm still all there.
And those "scientists" of Laputa I definitely didn't need:
Extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, indeed!

Mr. Buckley: It sounds like you were sorely tried.

Gulliver: At times I could have cried.

Mr. Buckley: Still, it wasn't all pure hell:
You were diverted. And got an education in human nature
as well.

Gulliver: Yes, I learned among other things about the Big-
Endians and the Little-Endians who, rather than
modify their boiled-egg-eating habits, preferred
to kill each other to infinity.

Mr. Buckley: Is this Ulster today as foreseen by that
eminent Dublin Dean of Divinity?

Gulliver: He was of astounding prescience.

Mr. Buckley: And for the foolish had precious little pes-
cience.
Where would he be on today's warring Irish Protestant and
Catholic?

Gulliver: I'm sure for the big and little ends of all of them,
he would have a good Swift kic. —JOHANNES EFF

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Time On The Cross: DEBATE

In May 1974 there appeared Time on the Cross *by Robert Fogel and Stanley Engerman, a book that sent shock waves through the scholarly world, and also through that mediating realm where culture and politics coincide. Briefly, Fogel and Engerman brought to bear on mountains of previously undigested data regarding slavery the techniques now made possible by high-speed computer technology. What issued from their work was a much more favorable view of the actual circumstances of the American slave than heretofore had prevailed. This, in turn, threatened an entire range of scholarly and political interests, and the shouting has not even begun to die away.* NR *invited comment on the work of Fogel and Engerman by Professors M. E. Bradford, Harry Jaffa, and Jeffrey Hart. M. E. Bradford of the University of Dallas is one of our leading Faulkner scholars, stands in the intellectual line of the Southern Agrarians, and is a profound student of Southern regional history. Harry Jaffa of Claremont Men's College is a leading Lincoln scholar and the author of* Crisis of the House Divided. *Jeffrey Hart is a senior editor of* NR *and Professor of English at Dartmouth.*

—Ed.

Just As We Were Told

TIME ON THE CROSS sheds a little light on a subject which has generated, since 1830, almost nothing but fever heat. For close students of the Southern experience who have brought to their reflections enough of the honest regional memory to secure them against the received or "national" version of the record of American slavery, there is now surprising encouragement to insist publicly on what reasonable men knew all the time—knew but, for reasons political, sometimes decided to ignore. And, for those raised altogether inside that framework of Southern memory, there is no surprise at all.

Arguments from definition, denouncing slavery as a condition for Negroes on this side of the ocean, could not, in the context of our early nineteenth century society, have enlisted into the ranks of abolition numbers sufficient to accomplish either its proximate or its ultimate ends. It was therefore necessary to plead other objections, to defame the actual operations of the slave power and the character of its representatives. Atrocity stories were (and, with refinements, continue to be, even in recent scholarship) the rhetorical alternative: fallacious and bullyragging arguments from circumstance. From Olmsted and Mrs. Stowe to Bancroft, Hofstadter, Stampp, and Elkins, we have been treated to an unfolding chronicle of neglect, vanity, willful cruelty, and even more willful indifference to personal interest. It is difficult to imagine a character so monstrous or stupid as the composite slaveholder of these learned mythologies, a creature so lacking in conscience or so oblivious to the social, political, and economic realities of his times. But now, with this evidence, we can believe that, for reasons selfish *and* ethical, the Southern slaveholder was nothing like what his enemies and the latterday enemies of his political heirs have conjured up.

True enough, there is a great question in philosophy as to the ethical propriety of one man's having property in another. It is equivalent to the question of whether monarchy and democracy are valid systems in politics. And it is the kind of question that exercises one sort of student of American history. Southerners have always acknowledged the interest of such considerations. However, for public men whose speculations begin with what ineluctably *is* at a given point in time, the luxury of such high discourse is rarely a possibility—if insisted upon, is in itself a real and present danger.

LIKE ANY human institution, the Southern social system was as good or bad as the people who administered its regimen. And slavery seemed to these responsible persons both defensible (as opposed to all viable alternative arrangements) and civilized in its human results. Because it was part of a warp and woof they understood to be in essence moral and responsible and because they perceived it to be inseparable from everything they loved, they sought to give the lie to its abusers. Rather than live under the authority of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

knaves, fools, and crafty uniformitarians, they took up arms. The prospects of uncircumstanced freedom for their slaves in the North or in a slave-free South made Unionists of very few. Neither did their actual experience of the full force of the Christian axiom that the steward is owned by what he owns. Nor especially their experience of the antislavery men, both mild and fierce. And for reasons that, with this new book, we may now understand.

THUS, if Fogel and Engerman are correct, I must maintain that the full truth on their subject is much like the account of our forefathers, "just as we were told." Such demonstration, of course, was not their intent; a certain nervous assertion of other implications makes their inadvertent testimony all the more impressive. However, as the authors insist, their evidence does indeed also carry with it a compliment to those reluctant bondsmen who made the most of the tenuous multiracial experiment that occurred inside the official framework of the peculiar institution. Whether or not the experiment was a good idea is yet to be decided. But the ability, character, and acquired skills displayed by the slave in helping produce a prosperous and stable South are, his condition aside, a more durable inheritance for his descendants than a hundred abortive rebellions or a thousand damaged mules. And, along with the evidence of slave family life, these qualities are not only a reason for ordinate pride but also an augury of good prospects yet awaiting him in the culture he helped to build.

That blacks had even in bondage some advantage from their situation is as hard for modern intellectuals to believe as is the teaching that the form taken by the ruin of the slave society hurt the freedman as it released him—left him with no equivalent means of support and no social cement for his new pattern of life. But, if these discomfited souls believe and heed such teachings, then they must entertain a series of questions even more painful—questions concerning the cult of Union, Father Abraham, and the significance (then *and* now) of that great gnostic fit that was our Civil War. To taking part in these deliberations, I look forward with warm anticipation.

—M. E. Bradford

But Not Redeemed

". . . for although volume upon volume is written to prove slavery a very good thing, we never hear of the man who wishes to take the good of it, by being a slave himself." —Abraham Lincoln

PROFESSOR BRADFORD believes that the truth about American Negro slavery and about the Civil War is "just as we [loyal sons of the Confederacy] were told." To the statesmen of the Old South slavery seemed to be "both defensible (as opposed to all viable alternative arrangements) and civilized in its human results." And it was "in essence [both] moral and responsible." The Civil War came about because of abolitionist propaganda which grossly misrepresented the truth about the peculiar institution. Neither the merely philosophical arguments nor the arguments "from definition" could, Professor Bradford thinks, have enlisted sufficient numbers into the ranks of abolition to have produced "that great gnostic fit that was our Civil War." But atrocity stories about slavery seem to have done the trick.

Professor Bradford considers that *Time on the Cross* ought to go a long way toward revising the "received or 'national' version of the record of American slavery." But Bradford must tell us what, in that monumental work, greatly changes what we have hitherto believed about slavery. Is the fact that slaves, on the whole, consumed rather more calories than Southern white men a cause for astonishment? I see nothing more surprising in this than the discovery that plough horses eat more than riding horses, or that tractors take more gasoline than passenger cars. The slaves did the heavy work, and they could not have done it on empty stomachs. *Time on the Cross* provides evidence that slave family life was somewhat more stable than had been supposed by some. But no one who was informed on the subject ever supposed that the damage done to family life was mainly a result of the actual breaking up of families by the sale of their members. The greatest injury lay in the fact that it was an ever present possibility, and the threat was used as a method of disciplining the slaves. Slaves were chattels, and chattels cannot make contracts. Slave marriages had no firm foundation in law. Lawful authority over children was vested, not in parents, but in owners. Slave families not only had no property of their own, they were themselves property. While custom may have remedied some of the defects of law, it was no substitute for it. The demoralization of American Negro family life was a direct result of slavery, and it has not yet been fully overcome. *Time on the Cross* tells us nothing that redeems slavery from this reproach.

PROFESSOR BRADFORD has the absurd notion that the American Civil War was an abolitionist crusade of the North against the South. Nothing could be further from the truth. There were innumerable shades of opinion and of political difference in the antislavery movement. Broadly speaking, the free-soil movement was designed to keep slavery out of the federal territories. After 1854, the abolitionists found something of a home in the Republican Party, but they were never more than a small minority within it, and never controlled its policy. Abraham Lincoln was never an abolitionist. His attitude toward slavery probably had more in common with Robert E. Lee's than it had with William Lloyd Garrison's. The movement toward secession began, not after the election of Lincoln, but when the Southern delegates seceded from the Democratic National Convention in Charleston in 1860. It was the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Southern demand for a federal guarantee of slavery in the territories that split the Democratic Party that year—and the Union the following year.

For a generation before the publication of my *Crisis of the House Divided* in 1959, it was an axiom of Civil War historiography that slavery had reached its "natural limits" of economic expansion before 1860. Historians held, therefore, that it was equally foolish for the Republicans to demand federal legislation to keep slavery *out* of the territories and for proslavery Southerners to demand federal guarantees for slavery *in* the territories. As far as I know, I was the first one to challenge radically the "natural limits" thesis, and to defend Lincoln against the charge that he was making political capital out of an imaginary danger. *Time on the Cross* is a massive documentation of my thesis that slavery was an economically viable institution, and that slave labor could in all likelihood have been used profitably for any purpose for which free labor could have been employed. Therefore the struggle for control of the territories was for real, not imaginary stakes.

BRADFORD celebrates those gentlemen of the Old South who revolted against the rule of "knaves, fools, and crafty uniformitarians." This is good old magnolia and mint julep rhetoric. I am reminded of the debate in the United States Senate in 1857 when a Southern senator declaimed with tears in his eyes against the Yankees who would keep him from taking his beloved old black mammy with him to Kansas. A Northern senator replied that no one wished to prevent the gentleman from taking his mammy with him to Kansas. They only wanted to keep him from *selling* her when he got there.

Slavery in the United States was not destroyed as a result of the deliberate intentions of either section or any party. It was destroyed by the process of war itself, which tore up the social foundations upon which the peculiar institution depended. Before Appomattox, the Confederacy as well as the Union was freeing slaves and enlisting them in its army. It was the folly of the slave-holding South's attempt to *extend* slavery, not anyone's desire to *abolish* it, that led to this amazing result.

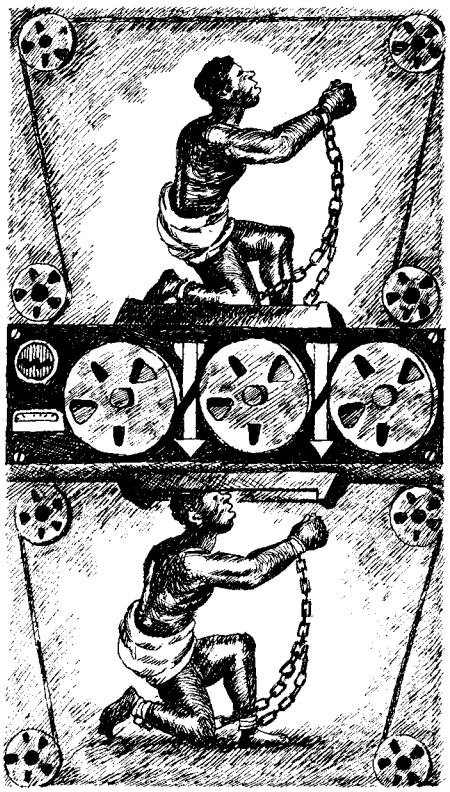
—Harry V. Jaffa

History's Corridors

HISTORY, wrote T. S. Eliot in "Gerontion," has many contrived corridors. In *Time on the Cross* Fogel and Engerman certainly open up one of them, and in so doing threaten a whole array of vested interests and attitudes.

Briefly, Fogel and Engerman employed a revolutionary historiographical technique that only recently became feasible because of the development of computer technology. They and their research assistants drew together and programed an enormous amount of material previously moldering in the archives: census figures for 1850 and 1860, farm records, invoices, probate court records on the sale of 80,000 slaves, and so on. All of this material was fed into high-speed computers and various hypotheses were tested against it. The result was a bombshell: the received view of the lot of American slaves, the view that has prevailed from Harriet Beecher Stowe and Simon Legree down to William Styron and Nat Turner has had to go into the wastebasket.

Now it is important to note that "victim status" is an enormous asset in a culture heavily influenced by liberal attitudes, and the received view of the condition of the pre-Civil War



slave has been an important aspect of the "victim status" of the American black. Victim status is a mode of cultural, political, and economic power. Demands of all sorts are based upon the assumption of victim status. It is *the* blue chip holding in the liberal moral stock market. Though Fogel and Engerman are far from denying that the black has in many ways been a victim, they do change the historical perspective, introduce difficulties, and suggest some enormous ironies that are worth pondering.

Item: "The typical slave field hand was not lazy, inept, and unproductive. On average he was harder working and more efficient than his white counterpart."

Item: "The belief that slave breeding, sexual exploitation, and promiscuity destroyed the black family is a myth. . . . It was to the economic interest of planters to encourage the stability of slave families and most of them did so. Most slave sales were either of whole families or of individuals . . . at an age when it would have been normal for them to have left the family."

Item: "The material conditions of the lives of slaves compared favorably with those of industrial workers." Again: "The energy value of their diet exceeded that of free men . . . by more than 10 per cent." A key point: infant mortality among Southern slaves was about the same as that among Southern whites.

THAT Fogel and Engerman are exploring forbidden territory here is evident from the persistence with which they have been misinterpreted and assailed. They are laying rough hands on some sacred myths, but they are not trying to say that slavery was just dandy, and they are not trying to offer any moral justification for it, since none exists. What they do accomplish is the recovery of some concrete realities, and in the process they go a long way toward the rehabilitation of the antebellum South in human, everyday terms. Perhaps Stephen Foster was not so far off in those old songs after all.

Item: William Styron's Nat Turner and the fantasies of black militants to the contrary notwithstanding, there were in fact very few slave revolts. Some commentators today try to cite slave malingering, sabotage, and lazi-

(Continues on page 359)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RISING PRICES

Causes and Cures

SVETOZAR PEJOVICH

NUMEROUS MEASURES for reducing the rate of inflation have been suggested in recent months. Among them are price controls, higher taxes, lower taxes, tight money, indexing the government, and so on. Some of these policies (e.g., indexing the government) can have desirable effects, some are likely to be as effective as holding a wetted finger to the breeze, while a few (e.g., price controls) can only refuel inflationary pressures.

The point to concentrate on is not so much what we think our leaders should do or hope they will do, but an appraisal of the relationship between the rewards expected by legislators and government officials, and the pattern of their behavior. The prevailing system of incentives in the public sector causes legislators and government officials to pursue inflationary policies, because they are conducive to tenure in office, promotions, prestige, and influence.

This statement is not meant as criticism of our public officials. In fact, I believe it is wrong to think of them either as devious or as virtuous men. It is much better to base our expectations on the pattern of behavior that the prevailing system of incentives generates (and that holds for the private sector too).

Seduction, Not Logic

It follows that the problem of rising prices in the United States could be alleviated by inducing our public officials to make decisions that do not generate inflation, rather than trying to convince them by logic. In other words, given the public officials' desire to enlarge the real value of resources under their control, the system of incentives should be designed to discourage them from pursuing inflationary policies. In collaboration with a colleague, Douglas Adie, I have developed a proposal which is a step in that direction. A small change in our tax system could have a profound effect on the system of incentives in the public sector of the economy. I believe that our proposal has an advantage over the idea of indexing the government because the latter would only eliminate the effects of inflation without much impact on the source of inflationary bias in the system.

The current system of tax rates, deductions, and exemptions reflects the prevailing notion of equity and numerous political compromises. It *legislates* the share of money income controlled by the public sector. Yet, inflation is a tax that is not part of the legally sanctioned tax system; a tax that alters the legislative decision on the allocation of income between the private and the public sector. It provides the government with an automatic increase in real tax revenue by pushing taxpayers into higher brackets on the graduated tax scale and thus raising the tax rates applied to their money incomes. This means that we pay a higher marginal tax on the same real income. In this manner inflation transfers real resources from the private into the public sector over and above what the public share would be at a constant price level. The burden of this "tax" effect of inflation is somewhat offset by a reduction in the real value of future tax liabilities associated with interest payments on the national debt. Still, an important tenet of a free society is that it should be protected from paying unlegislated taxes. Thus, the elimination of inflation is desirable not only on economic grounds but on fundamental political grounds as well.

Let us suppose that each taxpayer is allowed to reduce his gross taxable income by yet another deduction: *the product of the rate of inflation and his gross income in the previous year.* This addition to the total number of deductions in our tax system would be easy to understand and inexpensive to implement. Moreover, it is completely independent of and unrelated to the issue of whether the tax system ought to be changed. Yet it would be likely to have two important effects.

First, the government's nominal tax receipts would remain largely unaffected by changes in the general level of prices; that is, changes in the total tax bill would be tied to the real rate of growth in money incomes. For example, consider a taxpayer who earns $10,000 in the base year. Applying a graduated income tax schedule to his earnings after deductions might yield a total tax of $1,660, which is 16.6 per cent of his income. If we assume that inflation proceeds at the rate of 10 per cent a year during the subsequent tax period while the real growth rate is zero, the income tax payment would rise to about $1,940. This increase in the income tax payment is well in excess of the rate of inflation. Under our proposal, the number of dollars paid in taxes remain virtually unaffected by changes in the general price level. (I am assuming here that the average taxpayer's income increases at the same rate as the general level of prices.)

Second, because the number of dollars actually paid to the government in taxes would remain unaffected by changes in the general level of prices, the real purchasing power of the tax revenue would decrease on account of inflation—as it does for taxpayers today.

No Hidden Taxes

Thus, the system of incentives in the public sector, and consequently the pattern of behavior of public officials, would change. Public officials would have incentives to pursue policies that do not generate inflationary pressures, not because they are virtuous men but for a much more pressing reason: their own welfare would be tied to a reduction of inflationary pressures. The proposed change in the tax system would thus have a promising effect on the behavior and decisions that are largely responsible for inflationary pressures in our economy today. True, the public officials might try to increase the resources under their control, where politically possible, by legislating new taxes. Fair enough, so long as their actions are overt: it is the covertness of inflation, the unlegislated tax, that is inimical to freedom. □

Mr. Pejovich is an associate editor of the Akron Business and Economic Review.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM BONN

When Is a Socialist Not a Socialist?

NORBERT MUHLEN

AT A RECENT private gathering of top-ranking American and German businessmen and bankers, a New York economist suggested that their countries join forces, as "the two economic superpowers," to lead the world economy. The idea was rejected by all the Germans present. Far from being a superpower, they heatedly protested, their country was weak, its economy shaky and entirely dependent on outside forces. This is the self-belittling mood that prevails in West Germany today under Chancellor Helmut Schmidt.

Like Willy Brandt, who was forced from office last May—officially because one of his close confidants turned out to be an East German spy, but actually because of his failures as a party leader—Schmidt is a Social Democrat. But his policies, so far, have shown little trace of socialist thinking. On the contrary they tend toward free market economics. Schmidt has resisted union demands for substantial wage increases, has tried to cut the budget, and has granted incentives to investors. He has given the fight against recession ("rather 5 per cent inflation than 5 per cent unemployment") top priority. So far he has succeeded in keeping the rate of inflation in Germany below 7 per cent over the past 12 months—the lowest rate of any industrial nation. Unemployment figures, although they have risen from a previous near-zero, hover at around 5 per cent. Many of the foreign workers who had found jobs in Germany during the general boom have been sent home.

Yet malaise prevails. Germany's economy depends to a high degree on its exports, so economic difficulties abroad are bound to affect German prosperity. The feeling is that Germany is not better off than her European neighbors—just less badly off. The daily newspaper listing of bankruptcies has grown from a few lines to a few columns, and brand-new office skyscrapers cannot find any tenants. The dimly perceived threat of inflation and mass unemployment conjures up traumatic anxieties in a country which experienced both in the decade before Hitler. Germans foresee and fear a new groundswell of radicalism—of the Left as well as of the Right—if inflation and unemployment cannot be controlled.

These fears have contributed to a great change in the political climate of Germany. The Social Democrats (SPD) won impressive electoral victories up to 1973. But in the past year it has been the middle-of-the-road opposition party, the Christian Democratic Union (CDU), and its more conservative Bavarian partner, the Christian Social Union (CSU), that have scored impressive victories whenever the voters have gone to the polls. The CDU gained a spectacular victory in Berlin a fortnight ago, breaking the grip the Social Democrats had held on that city-state for 27 years. Now the SPD has been pushed back to second place, and the Christian Democrats are on top. The same pattern emerged in the regional elections in Hesse and Bavaria, where the CDU and the CSU for the first time polled large majorities in the traditional strongholds of their opponents—the big cities and the working class districts—and among the youth. The seemingly unshakable rule of the Social Democrats in Germany's ten largest cities was broken last December when Manfred Rommel, a folksy civil servant, son of the "Desert Fox," and CDU candidate, won his mayoral campaign in Stuttgart by a landslide.

Germans are gloomily aware today that the promises of Social Democratic reform have not been fulfilled, probably because they cannot be fulfilled. The New Frontier expectations aroused by Willy Brandt have died away. Nobody cares any more for his new society of "compassion" and a "better quality of life" (his American-trained speechwriter laboriously translated into German these rather antiquated American phrases). The Social Democratic plans of "codetermination"—a sort of back-door socialization, with labor functionaries being granted the same decision-making powers as management in all larger corporations—merely frightened investment capital out of the country, and left the large majority of Germans, including the workers, skeptical and often antagonistic. As several union leaders told me recently, to the rank-and-file laborer a "better quality of life" means the opportunity to exchange his black and white TV for a color set, his Volkswagen for a somewhat roomier sedan. But the ruling Socialists are letting him down in even that pursuit of happiness. And he recalls that the "economic miracle" was brought about under—if not by—the CDU governments of Konrad Adenauer and Ludwig Erhard. He yearns for a repeat performance: that is, a new CDU government.

Black Humor

Many former adherents and sympathizers have deserted the Social Democrats because they also blame them, to some degree at least, for the "political" crime wave that has swept the country. When, seventy hours before the election, leftist terrorists kidnapped Peter Lorenz, the CDU leader and mayoral candidate in Berlin, the worst fears came true. People feel that the Social Democratic government has, for far too long, tolerated or explained away the gangsterism of youthful radicals inside and outside SPD ranks. Shortly before the kidnapping of Lorenz, Chancellor Schmidt made a campaign appearance in Berlin and poked fun at the demand for firmer action against the terrorists, a main plank in the CDU platform; Mr. Lorenz, he said, "seems to hear voices at night." Ex-Chancellor Brandt gravely warned people "not to get excited about a few temporary anarchist troublemakers," as if the threat existed only in the eyes and the propaganda of the opposition. When the leaders of the German equivalent of the Symbionese Liberation Army, the Baader-Meinhof gang (the liberal mass media use a more sympathetic codeword, the Baader-

Mr. Muhlen is the American correspondent for a number of European newspapers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meinhof *group*), were arrested after wild rampages of robbery, arson, and murder, they continued their criminal work from their prison cells with the help of their radical lawyers and "progressive" young Protestant churchmen. In the eyes of the citizenry at large, the CDU appears better qualified to combat this and other radical groups than the ruling Social Democrats.

Radical Unchic

Even among leftist intellectuals a new mood has taken hold. Radical stereotypes are quickly losing their chic; many high school and university students, in open rebellion against young progressive teachers steeped in the lore of revolution, have recently become definitely anti-Left, though they are by no means conservative. The old New Left still controls some of the universities it conquered in the 1960s and early 1970s—Berlin's Free University especially, and Frankfurt—as well as a few other cultural and educational institutions. However, the newer generation has lost interest in "overcoming the system." These young students see the Social Democrats as dull relics of yesterday. What repels the young in particular, as well as many of their elders, is the growing incidence of corruption among Social Democratic officeholders. The latest and most prominent case led to the resignation in disgrace of Karl Wienand, the party's executive manager.

German voters have also been profoundly disappointed in Ostpolitik, the Socialists' outstanding international undertaking. West Germans now realize they received very little in return for ceding the hopes and rights of Soviet-controlled East Germans. As Schmidt —always a halfhearted advocate of Ostpolitik—admitted in his State of the Union message this year, the East Germans continue to violate the treaty between the two Germanys, especially its provisions on free access to West Berlin; and instead of the hoped-for liberalization inside Communist East Germany, the reins have been pulled up sharply.

Discredited as it now is in West German eyes, Ostpolitik—previously promoted by leftist ideologues in Brandt's entourage, such as Herbert Wehner, Egon Bahr, and the late Leo Bauer, all former Communists—is now mainly supported by big business interests hungry for Soviet markets. Significantly, Helmut Schmidt's chief advisor on his visit to Moscow last fall was Ernst Wolf Mommsen, the new manager of the House of Krupp. The warmest if not the only defense of Ostpolitik to be heard nowadays is in the bars of the best hotels of Hamburg or Düsseldorf, where a drink of *Wodka*—or of *Schottischer Whisky*—costs five devalued dollars.

Although this economic and political malaise is driving Germans away from the Social Democrats in droves, it does little harm to Helmut Schmidt, their leader and Chancellor, because they do not consider him a real Social Democrat. In his personal and political background, his outward appearance, his thinking and rhetoric, his preoccupations, he differs sharply from "real Socialists" as exemplified by, say, Willy Brandt. In contrast to that moody, lifelong Marxist militant, a man of thoroughly proletarian origins, a true believer in the Socialist International and in a socialist Europe, Schmidt embodies what the Germans call *gutbürgerlich*—the solidly middle-class.

After army service in WW II, Schmidt joined the Social Democratic Party. He was then a 28-year-old economics student in Socialist-controlled Hamburg. He chose the SPD for personal career considerations rather than because of ideological leanings, and the electorate at large recognizes that. A vigorous market economy and the buildup of an equally strong defense force have always been his main concerns. Although for a short while he flirted with the young radicals inside his party when he needed their support, he now castigates them, and one is hard put to discover the slightest testimony to Socialist beliefs in his writings or public addresses. With his aggressive staccato speech (which earned him the nickname of Schmidt-the-Lip) and his often haughty manner, he resembles old caricatures of arrogant Prussian army officers. But his political record demonstrates his flexibility and pragmatism. All this makes him highly respected, if not popular, among many non-Social Democrats. They see in him a strong, no-nonsense leader-figure, perhaps an Iron Chancellor of the computer age. What the Communist spies within the SPD discovered, goes a current joke, was an unexpected agent: Helmut Schmidt, planted there by the CDU.

Wait till '76

Given their setbacks and their general decline in the public's esteem, the Social Democrats' best hope is to turn the next nationwide election, in 1976, into a personality contest. The big question, then, will be whom the opposition runs against Schmidt. The CDU candidate, perhaps rather wisely, has not yet been chosen. But the infighting has already begun between the backers of Helmut Kohl, the present CDU leader, who is an able but somewhat colorless politician, and the backers of Franz Josef Strauss, the brilliant, occasionally erratic CSU leader who likes to hide his impressive intellectual and political sophistication behind the mask of a Bavarian peasant. While this makes him popular in the Catholic south, it tends to turn people off in the Protestant north. However, over the last few months he has begun to attract a growing following in the north as well. At least two other less well known but promising CDU politicians are waiting in the wings for a possible call to lead the opposition in 1976. But that's a long time from now, and what really worries all Germans is what will happen meanwhile to their prosperity and their security. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Guilt and History

GERHART NIEMEYER

A SPECTER is haunting the West: the specter of its own historical guilt. A sense of unexpiated and unrelievable past wrongs cripples nations and their governments, depriving them of the resolution to take action, wield power, keep their defenses up, or even possess arms. There is serious talk about returning some parts of the United States to the Indians; there is a compulsive urge to compensate blacks now for the wrongs inflicted on their forebears; the slightest mention of "imperialism" sends us cringing into a neutral corner. Curiously enough, those who experience this sense of guilt are mostly people who in general deny the concept of sin and even doubt the notion of evil. Be that as it may. The inhibitions here mentioned are so real that a rather timid mention of potential war over the West's "tribute to King Faisal" has resulted in incredulous and indignant expostulations by those who provoked the West in the first place.

Guilt and Redress

Guilt over what? Redress of what kind? This sense of guilt comes from brooding over historical processes which occurred long ago. The settling of the North American continent and the displacement of the Indians is such a process. One finds examples of this throughout history. A people's achievements in tools, procedures, or institutions, or a sudden exceptional leap of energy, would cause it to overflow into its neighbors' land. Thus the Aryans invaded India and Persia, the Medes and Persians replaced Babylon, the Romans in the course of their life-and-death struggle with Carthage colonized the Mediterranean. Peoples of higher and lower culture, or higher and lower social energy, then came to live under the same rule.

One would become the master people, the others sink to subservience. Injustice? Maybe, but no crime. The waxing and waning of peoples and cultures in history is a self-generating process, the results of which, whether desired or deplored, must be accepted as an historical "fact of life." A people's existence, unlike that of an individual person, is not determined and sustained by a biophysical substratum. Peoples have neither natural bodies nor a given size, capability, or limitation. They rise and fall in astonishing and unchartable patterns. The vital fluctuations of political existences, their expansions and contractions, their soaring and falling, are not liable to such moral judgments as govern human acts "issuing from the heart."

Nobody should jump from this to the erroneous conclusion that all actions in history's struggles for survival could be dismissed as morally neutral, as in the jungle. When in the course of those "natural" processes of rising and falling, concrete wrongs are committed, their moral depravity stands out. Notice how the prophet Amos, in the eighth century B.C. when people accepted wars and conquests as facts of life, pronounced divine retribution on Gaza "because they deported a whole band of exiles and delivered them up to Edom," and on Moab "because they burnt the bones of the king of Edom for lime."

Note how the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve still evokes a shudder in history books that take religious wars in their stride. Note how the epithet "perfidious Albion" has clung to Britain ever since the treacherous decision back in 1712, during the War of the Spanish Succession, to pull out her troops and abandon her allies on the eve of a decisive battle. These, however, are wrongs done by particular persons, to particular persons, at particular times. They are properly condemned, they rightly call for some redress by which the ravaged moral order is restored.

Nevertheless, a sense of guilt that drags on and burdens future generations with old wrongs is either atavistic or psychopathic. Atavistic, for as the Hebrew prophets established: "They shall say no more. The fathers have eaten a sour grape, and the children's teeth are set on edge. But every one shall die for his own iniquity." If "the Jews" were responsible for the execution of Jesus Christ, it was a group, not all of the Jews then living in Jerusalem, who could be blamed. Similarly we, the living Americans, cannot be burdened with the guilt that was incurred by persons long dead for their treatment of Negroes. Successor generations must not be encumbered with endless mortgages of past wrongs.

The Verdict of Time

Still, this cannot be the last word on the matter. Even if we take the vital competition of existences, individual or collective, as a kind of natural given, we cannot help being struck by the injustices produced in the process. We would be well advised to ponder the sober but profound words of Anaximander of Miletus: "The source from which existing things derive their existence is also that to which they return after their destruction, according to necessity; for they give justice and make reparation to one another for their injustice, according to the arrangement of Time." Anaximander sees that existence as such is incapable of innocence.

Thus every life is an assertion at the expense of something else. Death, the verdict of Time, is the ultimate penalty all living things must pay. This general shadow of guilt falling over all life has been the core problem of the great religions. In Buddhism enlightenment consists in the wholesale severance from human involvement in this culpable existence. In Christianity, the acknowledgment of sin as a general condition of human life calls for the continuous movement of repentance toward God, in which guilt is continuously lifted away by divine Love. A psychopathic sense of guilt is one which has not yet discovered, or has forgotten, the insights of the great religions. Festering without relief, it can cripple human beings, to the point of rendering them unfit for the task of living. Would that those who now carry heavy bundles of historical guilt into the offices of governments, businesses, and newspapers would bethink themselves of the help that is available, or else would stumble on a valid alternative—but not the doctor's couch—by which they could be restored to health. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Redeemed From Fire By Fire

MY CLOTHES still reek of white-pine smoke: for my ancestral house of Piety Hill was burnt to the ground on Ash Wednesday night. Everything was lost, and no scrap of the Old House stands. Somewhere in the deep Michigan cellar, now filled with debris and bulldozed sand, lie the fragments of those tall etched goblets which Bill Buckley gave to Annette and me on our wedding day a decade ago.

The Lord be praised, no human life was lost. The gigantic Clinton Wallace, our hired man, shut in the nick of time the fire door that separated the Old House from the tall brick wing we built four years ago. Annette, barefoot and in her nightgown, ran through the snow outside the Old House to wake Dennis, our stalwart organist-in-residence, who was asleep in one of the haunted rooms upstairs. Another minute, and the smoke and flame would have seized him.

In 1978, Piety Hill would have been a century old: vast antiquity for our part of Michigan. It was loved by everyone in our village, and our firemen fought like angels to save it—all in vain. Once the tongues of flame touched those resinous pine timbers and boards, six fire engines could do nothing. And now, in Eliot's lines in "Little Gidding":

Ash on an old man's sleeve
Is all the ash the burnt roses leave.
Dust in the air suspended
Marks the place where a story ended.
Dust inbreathed was a house—
The wall, the wainscot and the mouse.
The death of hope and despair,
This is the death of air.

Piety Hill was a dear old friend of many. The neighbors come with tender condolences; kind people I never met before invite us to dinner; the telephone in the library rings all day with sympathy calls from friends throughout these United States. We are too busy to weep.

Innocent Smith, in Chesterton's story *Manalive*, says that he would not be very surprised to find in Heaven the lamp post and the green gate of his own dear house. Heaven is a state, says Father Martin D'Arcy, in which all the good things of our earthly lives are eternally present to us, whenever we desire them. If that be true, and I pray that it is, then Annette and I and our three little daughters shall have Piety Hill always.

There were signs and portents before Ash Wednesday. For one, our friend Archie, who cuts wood for us, came not long ago to tell us how his big stone farmhouse burnt this winter. "Take a lesson from me," he said, "and make a list of everything in this house." Now we know that his house and ours burnt from the same cause: the collapse of the old sand-bricks that formed part of the chimney. We had rebuilt the base and the top of the chimney in recent years, but in the attic remained a section of the original sand-bricks: every house has its Achilles heel.

NEVER expecting such a disaster, I had not insured house or contents at full value, and so have lost much money. Yet that's no matter: the contents were 'irreplaceable, and such a frontier mansion as Piety Hill cannot rise again. Annette says that I loved the house too much, and so it was taken from me, we not being meant to love mere things so ardently. She loved it equally—or perhaps more, for our three babies were brought to the Old House so soon as they could be moved.

The house was haunted, and not by memories only. Some of our many guests were affrighted, from year to year, but I never felt dread. Why should shades of my great-grandfather and great-grandmother and their son and daughters linger quietly about Piety Hill? Why, out of love. Perfect love casts out fear.

Our little girls are not cast down. When tiny Felicia, out in the snowdrifts with the temperature below zero, saw the flaming house, she cried "Clinton?"—meaning she feared for her tremendous chum. (She is less than six; he is nearly sixty.) But Clinton came safe out of the billowing smoke. Monica, aged seven, reads calmly to her sisters until we can repair the New House and settle there again. They do well to philosophize that what's done can't be mended.

I was away at Olivet College, that midnight when the chimney collapsed; they telephoned me at half-past two in the morning, to say that the Old House was lost altogether, but that the New House might be saved, and that all of our household were safe. I went down on my knees to pray. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

We shall build a new dining room and a new kitchen at the back of the New House—and other rooms too, if the times permit. The cheerful scholars of the Intercollegiate Studies Institute will gather with us once more, as they did last Christmastide and the Christmas and New Year's before. The Europeans and the South Americans and the Asiatics will come to stay with us as they have done these many years. If the specters will shift through the fire door, they will be doubly welcome.

"To be redeemed from fire by fire," Eliot wrote during the Second World War, is our hope or our despair. He meant that only Purgatory fire purges us of the fires of will and appetite. The burning of Piety Hill was a purgatory for us, and the common ordeal has deepened our love of one another, and of those who preceded us in time. We have our hope and our work. Above the stone doorway we plan for the new façade of the New House we will set an old stone long ago inscribed with a line from Vergil: "With the help of God, labor prospers."

Guests used to sleep very late in the haunted bedrooms of the Old House: I would tell them that they had come to the land of the lotos eaters, and that I had cast a spell upon Piety Hill, so that it lay outside time. So it does now. The old portraits are ash, and the old books, and the old clock, and the very toys of yesteryear. Knowing that we cannot step in the same river twice, we do not hope to turn again, back beyond last Ash Wednesday. Yet at that still point where time and the timeless intersect, we shall see always the tall windows and the hanging lamps of Piety Hill. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

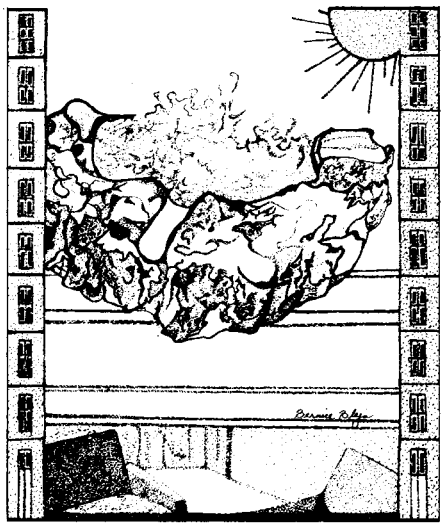
D. KEITH MANO

Byzantium

The seagulls plane in to rest, raucous, among the less raucous Siegels: Miami Bich. An aged man is but a paltry thing,/A tattered sport shirt upon a stick. This must be our Byzantium, Yeats's holy city of the desireless old, safe and artificial. But not such forms as Yeats's Grecian goldsmiths made, instead the enormous, square, same hotels, balconied like so many highboys with their drawers drawn out. A great sewer pipe drains from this tiny strip of artifice, out, out, miles out, into the unfastidious Atlantic. Along its shoreline, unfastidious, the Atlantic returns a lovely nuisance: Portuguese men-of-war. Purple, inflated, arteries spread out, they wait, breathing in their way, for the killer sun. Lung transplants unfastened from a dying animal. Even the palm trees look decrepit, brown shrunken heads. Afflicted by some blight, I am told. Empathy, perhaps.

The men have breasts. Their skin is reptilian, plated with fine crystals that glint under sunlight like mica in sidewalks. They seem all to have been recruited by a secret navy. Each has his light blue, peaked yachtsman's cap: sudden admirals. At high, hot noon, worn with shorts, they seem parts of a weak disguise, equipment more efficient in the Bronx. But the Bronx, Yeats would have told you, is no country for old men. Nor for old women. The women are enveloped: caftans, dashikis, babushkas, even gloves. They bare sections of skin in nervous jerks, shy as pervert flashers. Sand enforces a sensuousness. Every stride is contrapposto, over-elaborate; much tiring readjustment in the frail pelvis. And no clavicle goes unadorned. We are a people who hang things around our necks, totemic logos that announce the faithful, or the shrugging agnostic, or the considerable sect of those now allergic to penicillin.

Beaches are a savage hoax. Crackers in bed, discomfort made chic as once whalebone corsets were made chic. What, in the name of whatever deity or disease hangs from your neck, can be accomplished on a beach that couldn't be accomplished more conveniently elsewhere? Food attracts grit and your fillings are in doubt. Swim? Hardly anyone swims. The ocean is a rambunctious, sloppy Afghan hound; moistness plus sand turns you into an emery board. Read? Pages snowblind,



one might as well read the wattage on a lit bulb. Sleep? The sheets are never changed. Cigarette butts bristle, filter end up. Beaches are sand-filled marble ashtrays from some gigantic hotel lobby. Yet our aged creep shoreward in their last days, undoing the primal ancestor's sensible inland progress, gathered by real estate promoters into the artifice of eternity.

And toward the tan. An ad inveigles: "THEY'RE GOING TO HATE YOU BACK HOME A LOT LONGER. After your encounter with the sun use AFTER TAN. You'll stay tan. Not forever. But more than ever before. If you can stand the hate." An ancient woman kneels, in street dress, just her wristbacks out, the wedding ring stripped off. Another has ghosts of three bikini suit straps imprinted fan-wise across her back, triple exposure on a single negative. And inner thighs, how does one get at the inner thighs? By a *Kama Sutra* position, heels sat on, arms propped behind, head thrown back. They become like expensive oiled leather. To what end, skin carcinoma? A tanner will last you nine years in the earth. It takes time. Time marks leisure. Leisure announces money in Byzantium. O sages lying prone in God's holy fire/As in the browned mosaic of a wall . . ./ Consume my skin away, sick with desire.

STILL SICK with it. Those many who can't go home to be hated. They long for that other country, the young in one another's arms, birds on the windowsill. And, yes, Brooklyn pigeons hotfoot it on the bich, gathered perhaps from some El's undergirdering by a thoughtful Chamber of Commerce. Signs exploit the memory. BROADWAY CHARLIE'S. NEW YORK PIZZA. CONEY ISLAND LUNCHEONETTE, featuring the famous "egg creme." Miami, with an ocean stage left and a gulf stage right, is pestered by "New England" seafood restaurants. Abominable places: Boston clam chowder not imported, extradited. And New York benches everywhere. They placard the S and M ads for Solarcaine and the child molester ads for Coppertone, but they are New York benches and old women roost on them, homesick for seasons, for the stamina to endure them. You can see stockings rolled tight as tourniquets at the knee. Pantyhose haven't made it to Miami Beach.

Less chaste desires as well. Like Yeats himself they are caught in that sensual music of whatever is begotten, born, and dies. Gambling: dogs and horses and jai alai. For the retired couple, one building on Collins Avenue houses both bingo and burlesque. Indeed burlesque, murdered in New York by the permissive age, booms in Miami Beach, from Circus Bang Bang at the Fontainebleau, to Studio Aphrodite, "The most erotically tasteful dance found anywhere in the United States: privately presented." The *Little Black Book*, printed bimonthly, is ubiquitous as the Gideon Bible in hotels: thirty pages of rap and massage parlors, Rent-a-Bird escort ser-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vices, unisex saunas ("Ask about the Switcho"), and "your own personal date book, lists 100 beautiful girls. We deliver the book to your hotel by appointment, in less than one hour. Cost $25.00." At one massage parlor, I am told, police found three elderly men, on three successive mornings, dead of heart failure in the parking lot.

And on the beach, two recumbent figures have an embrace. There's not much flesh left; the hams are weak. Almost black, veterans of sunlight, angular and harsh together as an African wood carving: forms that might sing to lords and ladies of what is past, or passing, or to come. No wedding ring nor the scar of one marks her third left finger. Condominiums have 24 hour medical service and VD is right up there with arteriosclerosis. As their promiscuous northern children cohabit—it is well known—the aged shameless find relationships crepuscular and illicit in Miami Bich. The carvings kiss. Out at sea, two tugs shepherd a mammoth oil rig along. The rig is square, four-towered; it seems a fortress. What passes is what will come, sailing hugely past Byzantium. □

FILM

RICHARD MINIM

The Film Criticism of J. H. Blow

Though this is an age of excellent and vigorous film criticism, it is a poor age for movie reviewing. Cinema is one of those fashionable subjects on which everybody wants to have the last word without daring to speak the first. And it is the sad lot of the movie reviewer that *he* must speak the first.

There is a certain indignity even in being termed a movie reviewer. If the man who daily dashes off reviews of new films is to appear on a television show, he is introduced as "Film Critic Joe Blow." We should feel that he had been somewhat slighted if he were introduced as "Movie Reviewer Joe Blow." A movie reviewer is felt to be a mere menial; but a film critic is an oracle. The invidiousness which is attached to the distinction makes Joe Blow that most pompous of creatures, the oracular menial. (Other specimens of the type include the sagacious bookshop clerk, like the one who told me recently that he was "not much impressed with Solzhenitsyn." But that is another story.)

Now Joe Blow—or, if he performs his office in a big weekly, Joseph H. Blow—characteristically avoids talking in terms of goodness and pleasure. His audience, as he supposes, is not the consumer, but the connoisseur. He writes for those who are too enlightened and discriminating to bother with the trivial; he does not like to think of himself as trivial; so when he likes a movie, he does not say it is "good," he says it is "important." Mr. Blow is not content to tell you what he thinks. He must tell you what the future will think. If he laughs at the new Mel Brooks film, he composes his features in time to tell his readers that it is a "classic." If he approves of the political slant of Francis Ford Coppola's new film he speaks of the way the director has "broadened and deepened his vision of the corruption of the American dream." If all this makes Messrs. Brooks and Coppola sound less like filmmakers than prophets, Mr. Blow, with his usual subtlety, does not forbid us to infer that it takes one to know one.

Now the sad fact is that most films are unimportant, for the same reason that most people are unimportant; for the same reason, indeed, that most of life is unimportant; for the same reason, to speak a little indelicately, that Mr. Blow himself is unimportant. And the plight of an unimportant man who is undecided whether to go to see an unimportant film receives all too little of Mr. Blow's consideration. For Mr. Blow disapproves of the unimportant in principle. To his mind, everything should matter greatly, and things that do not matter greatly annoy him by imposing on his notice. This produces an awkward situation. Mr. Blow is destined, by his own predilections, to dislike, in advance and en masse, 99 per cent of those things he is paid to evaluate singly. But he cannot announce, at the beginning of the year, "Since most movies appeal to vulgar tastes and base appetites, my column will appear only every two months or so, to call attention to the rare exceptions"; no, he must write every week, disguising his general contempt for all films by Disney Studios as a specific dislike of the latest film from Disney Studios. It is as pointless to ask him whether this latest is a good or a bad Disney film as it would be to ask Billy Graham whether he would prefer to see this porn film or that one.

Mr. Blow, you may be sure, very much dislikes sensational films. It is therefore certain that he dislikes *The Towering Inferno*. His review of it, if he were frank, would be succinct: for it would be the enthymeme we have just fashioned. But his position requires him to review it at plausible length; so he will give a snide summary of the plot, with snide parentheses about the actors. Then he will complain that the dialogue is "banal," and the whole thing "mindless." These objections are right, but they are the wrong objections. Surely it would be overburdening a film about a burning skyscraper to give it the wit of Oscar Wilde and the sensitivity of Ingmar Bergman, and to have the victims played by Lord Olivier and Dame Edith Evans. Yet this is what Mr. Blow's criticisms lead one to think would constitute the ideal disaster movie.

In other words, he is incapable of taking movies in their kind, and on their own terms. Put otherwise, his cast of mind is Hegelian rather than Aristotelian. Put still otherwise, he doesn't really know what he is doing. □

Richard Minim *is a freelance writer residing in Boston.*

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Byzantine Yugoslavia

Last fall, after visiting some Yugoslav wineries, I took some days to gratify my heart's desire: to see at least a few of the great Serbian Orthodox monasteries in the south of the country, and to catch a glimpse of Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro. Let me say at once that the trip was more marvelous than I had imagined, and that I barely skimmed a totally foreign world. It is a world that is extremely different from Italy and Greece, with none of the obvious ebullience of some parts of those countries, and infinitely more intriguing.

Here, I can obviously only touch on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here is your opportunity to add the original hardcover ($7.95) edition of a famous book to your permanent library now for just 95¢

Take advantage of National Review's Special Savings offer now to get your copy of Bill Buckley's bestseller, "The Governor Listeth," for this unbelievably low price.

"The Governor Listeth" is one of the best collections of Bill Buckley's writing that you'll ever find. In this one volume, Buckley reveals himself as a columnist, editor, debater, conservative spokesman, and political analyst as he covers an amazing range of subjects. You'll find an opinion on everything from Religion to Rockefeller, all viewed with the unique Buckley style and wit.

This important book contains almost 500 pages just bursting with "inspired revelations," all fully indexed for easy reference. There are 13 sections in all and the topics include: Politics, the Cold War, Civil Disorder, Crime and Punishment — to name just a few. "The Governor Listeth" also contains a special section on America and the Blacks, an absorbing piece of contemporary history that provides much-needed background material for a balanced evaluation of that vexing problem. Buckley also reflects upon Spiro Agnew, Convention Politics, Fiscal Reform, Public Schools, the Agony of Paul VI, Rioting, ROTC — there's something to interest everyone in this book. In addition, Bill Buckley also includes his own recounting of his famous confrontation with Gore Vidal. And, of course, one of the best features of all Buckley books is the great supply of quotable quotes, of which this book is no exception. Here are a few examples:

"Back in the old monolithic days of Pius XII, the Church was regularly assaulted for its autocratic ways, and the most popular notion in the Bible Belt was that Catholics weren't really Americans."

You'll never find a more absorbing (and entertaining) book by WFB than "The Governor Listeth."

"The tradition of the tall tale is firmly grounded in American habit, such that nobody ever noticed it when Mark Twain was comparing politicians unfavorably with the denizens of hell, or much later when Mencken observed that politicians tend to compare themselves at political conventions with the rising of the sun and the aurora borealis."

"I remember a few years ago, when the governor (Rockefeller) was alternating between militarism in our foreign policy and Barnum and Bailey welfarism at home, a history-minded observer remarking that he was in the tradition of the old Roman emperors who, in order to keep their legions full and happy, needed a lot of bread and a lot of circuses."

To get your copy of this fine hardcover book for only 95¢, take advantage of National Review's *Special Savings offer . . .*

"The Governor Listeth" sells at bookstores for $7.95 (if you can find a copy), but you can obtain the book for only 95¢ if you renew your *National Review* subscription *now* (new orders are fine too!) at no more than the regular subscription price of $15.00 for a full year of NR. You save a whopping $7.00 on the price of the book, and, better yet, you'll have your NR subscription extended a full year from its present expiration date, so you'll be sure not to miss *any* of NR's unique reportage. So act now and save $7.00. You won't find a better bargain anywhere!

Just use the handy reply card opposite this page (we'll pay all postage and handling of the book). But please hurry, book supply is limited. You may pay later if you wish.

To take advantage of this Special Savings offer fill out and mail the card today.

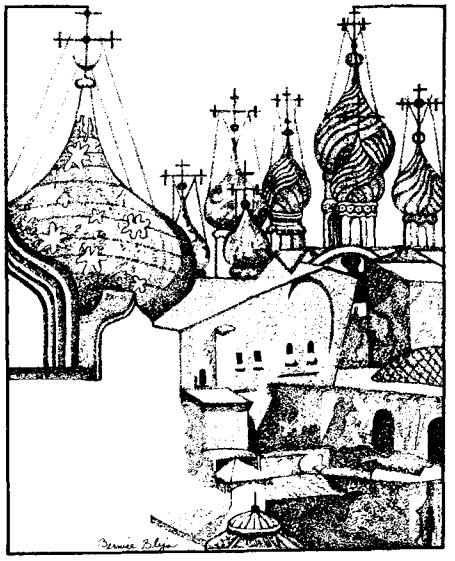
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what I saw and what made an impression on me, and I don't want to try to do the sort of thing a guide book does better. (Yes, there are good guides on Yugoslavia.) The Serbian Orthodox monasteries and their frescoes turned out to be the second of the great aesthetic impressions of my adult life, the first being the Viking ships and relics that I first saw ten years ago. Also impressive was the country's visual juxtaposition of a Turkish past with twentieth century modern, as in the towns of Prizren, Pristina, and Pec, to which is added, in towns like Sarajevo, the Austrian bourgeois architecture of the turn of the century. And last, not least, is the incredibly magnificent scenery of inland Montenegro and adjoining areas, equal in its kind to the beauty of the Dalmatian coast, the most beautiful of the Mediterranean.

THERE ARE about thirty major monasteries in southern Serbia and Macedonia, of which I saw Studenica, Sopocani, Gracanica, Decani, and the Patriarchate of Pec. The styles of both architecture and frescoes vary, stemming mainly from Byzantium but also from Rome, though to my untutored eye they look purely Eastern. They were built by kings and high court dignitaries as a proof of their devoutness between, roughly, the tenth and fourteenth centuries, after Cyril and Methodius Christianized the Slavs from Constantinople. Very often the monasteries were built in remote, mountainous parts, to escape Turkish invasions. But many were used as mosques, the frescoes whitewashed until they were rediscovered and restored, a process that still goes on. This is a wonderful and necessary thing, but the scaffolding inside the church won't let you see what you came to see.

The monastery churches are curiously small when you think of the immense Western churches and Santa Sophia; some stand inside fortified walls. Bearded, long-haired monks with high black hats, nuns swathed to the brows in the deepest black, smile hospitably to the foreigner. All the monasteries I saw were run by monks and nuns, and I am told that only very few are now museums. The loveliest of them all, I thought, was Gracanica, a harmony of domes which creates the illusion of great size. It is pink, and the only ornamentation is skillfully contrasted bricks, stone, and plaster. The churches of the Patriarchate of Pec, inside a walled enclosure set against steep mountains, were very different with their low-lying plain domes.

But it is the frescoes that catch your throat. Every inch of the interior is painted; corners, domes, vaulted surfaces, all in still vivid colors, with deity, saints, founders so portrayed, by the avoidance of profiles and back views, that you feel you stand among them rather than in front of them. The pictures tell a story and a message; they convey the mystery of religion far more than anything I've ever seen in a Western church. The higher the picture is placed, the holier the subject; the central dome is given to Christ Pantocrator, the Supreme Judge. Though Byzantine in origin, the frescoes have none of the rigidity of the icons. The



figures sway and bend, the faces are torn with grief or happy with the birth of the Child. Compared to them, I thought, their Italian contemporaries like Giotto lack life. The feeling of mystery is enhanced by the iconostasis, a wall of icons that hides the altar from the faithful, who hear but do not see the holy rites, as is Orthodox practice. At this stage it must be obvious that all I want is to go back and see more churches, and see them better than I did, because I lacked preparation and the opera glasses you need to see the upper frescoes properly.

But I also want to see more of those towns with the Turkish past: their low, white houses that shelter an inside garden, the mosques that still attract some faithful, the minarets that puncture the sky, and the extraordinary Moslem graveyards. These are a collection of funeral stones, topped if they are for men and topped again if the man made the holy pilgrimage to Mecca. They lie helter skelter by the roadside, in a field, near a mosque, almost always without the sheltered, enclosed formality of a Western cemetery.

The contrast between the old Turkish quarters and the most modern office and residential buildings is especially interesting in Mostar, surely one of the loveliest cities of the country. Another charming town is Prizren, where a lady whose Turkish house I was admiring invited me in for Turkish coffee and explained to me that the flowered balloon pants worn in those parts are now made from nylon rather than silk and cotton, and showed me how the enormous skirt was drawn between the ankles for the peekaboo effect, though there is no peeking. The top part of the costume, which most older women wear (the young ones wear slacks), is a Western sweater. It may be partly hidden by a headscarf, which, in the countryside, is also used as an attempt at veiling the face (veils are prohibited). The Albanian white cap is worn by many men, for there is a large Albanian population, and more Albanians come to study at the universities of Pristina and Sarajevo. I remember the schoolchildren in the rural areas, who walk an hour to school and back, and who said, when I asked if they did not mind, "It is customary, and it is good to go to school." Above all, I remember the aroma of the constant cups of powerful Turkish coffee and the hospitality of the total strangers who offered them to me.

I HIRED a car and a guide because I had little time. But next time I shall do it on my own since driving is easy and the roads are empty in the interior, though very crowded in the big cities. Every interior town has at least one modern hotel, not luxurious, but with baths and showers. Since there is much business, thanks to the industrialization of those parts, it is well to telephone in advance. I paid an average of $8 to $10 for room and breakfast, which invariably includes a boiled egg. In the towns, somebody can always be found who understands English, but it is easier to get about with German, French, or Italian. I went anywhere I wanted by myself, without any interference; people barely noticed me. I talked to anybody who understood me, but did not mention politics, as being none of my business. I think people were grateful for this, opening up on daily living, schools, food, art, music, clothes. Reserved at first, they soon became very friendly and hospitable. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

Journey to the Interior

Freud and His Followers
By Paul Roazen
Knopf, 599 pp., $15

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

When, in two hundred years, the history of the twentieth century is written and the dissolution of bourgeois society is discussed in much the same way as we describe the dissolution of the aristocracy in the reign of Louis XIV of France, the commanding and symptomatic figure will be Sigmund Freud rather than Karl Marx. Elites are never driven from their high positions by revolution. Little by little they turn from the world of action and are absorbed in dreams and fantasies, or they turn their introspective eyes to the disordered landscape of the self. Freud, whose nature was imperial and whose heroes were Hannibal, Cromwell, and Napoleon, discovered and conquered that land of ghosts, that realm of spirit to which men turn when they have abdicated the tensions and conflicts that the conquest of the natural and the human environment imposes. Edward Gibbon observed that the Romans of the fourth century preferred theological discussions and monastic contemplation to the defense of the imperial frontiers. And no doubt the exploration of the self is a kind of substitute for leaving one's footprints eternally imprinted on a cindered moonscape.

Paul Roazen has given us a great quarry of a book depicting the psychoanalytic movement; a book absolutely essential to an understanding of that movement in its first and second generations. It is a book that was assembled rather than written. Roazen has quite rightly declined to impose any unifying vision on the data he has collected. In a certain sense this book is a long footnote to Ernest Jones's official biography, *The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud.* But it is more than that.

FOR THE first time we are able to see clearly into the personal factors involved in a major intellectual movement; we are able to distinguish the point at which theory is tempered and twisted by neurosis, personal ambition, unrequited love, and conflict. That alone makes this book a major innovation in the field of intellectual history. It was already evident from the Jones biography that Freud had a troublesome personality, though the extent of his inhibiting limitations and disquieting tensions was concealed by Jones's artful omissions. The cultural milieu of fin-de-siècle Vienna, the Jewish awareness of Freud and his apostles, the sense of being the embattled harbingers of a new religion, all added their emphases and distortions.

The exploration of the impact of personality on doctrine does not end with Roazen's discussion of "Professor" Freud. Few movements have produced such a host of tormented and unhappy lives or as many suicides as the Freudian. It is a rather disconcerting recommendation for a movement which, at least from time to time, called itself "therapeutic." Though there is never enough detail concerning doctrinal development, there is more than enough concerning personality.

When Newman wrote his *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine,* he suggested what might be accomplished were the history of ideas treated developmentally rather than analytically. Roazen has demonstrated something of this, and his treatment of the internal development of ideas as these ideas impinge on and are influenced by personality is both unique and masterly. One wishes for an essay on the development of Marxism equally candid and discerning.

FOR ALL its merit this book has some serious problems. It is not a book for the beginner. Those who lack considerable knowledge of the psychoanalytic movement would be well advised to start elsewhere. The discussions of the theoretical innovations of Freud's followers are too condensed to be of much value, and important pieces of the story are often ignored or receive only an elliptical discussion. Thus, the Freud-Jung affair, so revealing of both men, is not really understandable in terms of the story as presented by Roazen. One must turn to the recently published Jung-Freud correspondence for that.

Roazen's chief fault, however, is his failure to make any connection between the social reality of Europe and America and the rise and spread of Freudianism. Ideas not only have consequences, they are consequences. To be specific: the bent of Freud's mind was intensely rationalistic. He was intent upon the demystification of the spirit. He was, moreover, puritanical and one might even say ascetic. His objective was to free men for the work of civilization. He knew that a measure of instinctual renunciation was absolutely necessary if men were to be successful in organizing themselves to meet the challenge of nature and the threat of a disordered society. His was an elitist and authoritarian system, and it was not accidental that late in his life Freud welcomed the conquest of the Viennese socialists by the forces of Engelbert

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dollfuss, the Austrian clerical fascist. Those curious polymorphous Freudian deviants like Herbert Marcuse and Norman O. Brown, who have managed to combine the worst of Freud and the worst of Marx in a willful utopian fantasy, would have met with Freud's unrelenting hostility. In short, it was Freud's objective to free men so that they might confront the exterior world more successfully and at a cost far less destructive to themselves than had hitherto been the case. Freud rightly regarded himself as a great civilizational hero.

How did it happen, then, that Freud's theories have had an almost totally contrary impact? How does it happen that the impact of Freudianism has resulted in a kind of mindless permissiveness, an anticultural preoccupation with the primitive, an antirational inclination to the mystical, murky, and impulsive, and a sweeping cultivation of the inward that make engagement with exterior reality either unlikely or unsuccessful?

Freud's theory was an attempt to deal with forces that were incipient in his society and all Western society in the twentieth century. Because of its attempt to deal with the irrational, his theory, not surprisingly, was mistaken for a defense of gratification at all costs. Because of its attempt to explore the symbolic forms of conceptualization, Freud's theory, not surprisingly, has been employed as an apology for primitivism and mysticism. The sources of this transmutation lay in the social dynamics of the world Freud was attempting to master. It is Roazen's failure that he does not glimpse the counterculture forces of the twentieth century world that forms the context of Freud's theories.

WHATEVER the limitations of Freud's theories, he did not anticipate the abandonment of the work of culture. To those who threatened culture, even and especially to the *id*, he gave an everlasting no, or rather he posited a method by which those threatening and chaotic forces of the unconscious could be transmuted into works of love and culture. Heroes offer more than theory. They offer themselves in confrontation with their own impulses and the most destructive forces in their societies. It is not surprising then that Freud had a troublesome and neurotic personality. It is surprising that he turned it to heroic purposes. □

Stephen J. Tonsor *is professor of intellectual history at the University of Michigan. . . .* **Edwin M. Yoder Jr.** *is editor of the editorial page of the* Greensboro Daily News. . . . **John R. Coyne Jr.** *and* **Aram Bakshian** *are on the staff of the White House. . . .* **Ronald de Feo** *is a freelance writer who lives in New York.*

England in the Age of Hogarth
By Derek Jarrett
Viking, 256 pp., $15

UNSENTIMENTAL LOOK AT MERRIE ENGLAND

EDWIN M. YODER JR.

It isn't immediately obvious why eighteenth century England—ordinarily powdered and periwigged, elegant, rational, "Augustan" in utterance—should of a sudden become the Age of Hogarth. But Mr. Jarrett, lecturer in history at the University of London, makes a powerful case for the designation.

We know too little about Hogarth himself, although at his death in 1764 he left canvases and engravings (e.g., *Chairing the Member*, *Marriage à la Mode*, *The Rake's Progress*) that are intimate windows on the age. He was, sneered Sir Joshua Reynolds, "one of the painters who have applied themselves particularly to low and vulgar characters." Like many contemporaries —and, until recently, successors—Reynolds underrated Hogarth, although he had the talent to know better.

It is in a "very special sense," Mr. Jarrett says, that eighteenth century England belonged to Hogarth. This unpoliced England, rowdy and robust, was the home of crowds—the age of the *mobile vulgus*, the moving swarm, the mob. And "nobody in the whole history of painting has excelled Hogarth in the art of building up a crowd of real people, people who jog one another's elbows or pick one another's pockets or turn aside at the smell of one another's breath . . ." Jarrett describes some of these mobs—not only the harmless ones dancing around the Maypoles but the violent crowds that rioted against calendar reform in 1752, outraged by the mysterious loss of 14 September days; the crowds that rioted against the Marriage Act, against the government's attempt to naturalize alien Jews, and most bloodily of all against "papists" in the so-called Gordon riots.

Can one fully absorb Mr. Jarrett's readable and searing treatment of the Age of Reason and ever feel quite the same about it? It was also, as in fact all ages are, an age of unreason as well, exhibiting those eternal warts of humankind—dirty, coarse, cruel, hypocritical, vicious, prurient, superstitious, obscurantist, and actually a bit mad. (Hogarth himself, this wonderfully gifted man, took delight in bombarding his boon companions during an outing with hog manure!)

Hogarth's vision, while caustically satirical, upheld humanist values. He hated cruelty to man and beast, gambling, fashionable folly, the squalor of the gin mills. But his weapon was not preachment and priggery, it was the artist's unblinking and far from squeamish gaze. What he saw was a long way from the elegant serenity of Reynolds.

CONSIDER, for instance, the problem of crime, which was abundant, and punishment, which was cruel and often sadistic. The eighteenth century English, Mr. Jarrett declares, took pride in "their freedom to inflict on one another the barbarities which were, in less enlightened countries, the prerogatives of a despotic government." Item:

> In 1780 a coachman named Read and his friend Smith, a pasterer, were sentenced to the pillory for homosexuality. Read was a very short man, so that when his head and hands were forced through the holes . . . his feet could not reach the ground and he "hung rather than walked" as the instrument of torture was turned round and round. Those in the crowd were amused to see his face go black and the blood force itself out of his nostrils and his eyes and his ears; but the sight moved them to increased anger rather than to pity. Both men were pelted mercilessly and Read was dead by the time he was released.

This is typical fare. Some two hundred offenses were punishable by hanging; nine of ten criminals hanged in London during the 1780s were under age 21. The superintendency of Fleet Prison was farmed for profit to a man who stacked dead or dying prisoners like cordwood and yielded their bodies to relatives only on the payment of a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: *Spanish Rehearsal* is a reissue of the late Arnold Lunn's reportage on the Spanish Civil War, with a new foreword by William Buckley (Devin-Adair, $8.95). . . . *The Russian Tradition*, by the late *NR* contributor Tibor Szamuely, has an introduction by Robert Conquest (McGraw-Hill, $12.50). . . . New collection of Arthur Koestler essays: *The Heel of Achilles* (Random, $8.95). . . . Andrew Hacker studies *The New Yorkers* (Mason/Charter, $10). . . . Harriet Waugh, a chipette off the old block, debuts with a black-humor novel, *Mirror, Mirror* (Little, Brown, $7.95).

■ PAPERBACKS: *Alive!*, the bestseller about the Andes survivors by Piers Paul Read, is guaranteed to grip you (Avon, May, $1.95). . . . *Bloodletters and Badmen* is a three-volume who's who of crime by Jay Robert Nash (Warner, $1.95 per volume). . . . Fawcett has Helen MacInnes' *The Snare of the Hunter* ($1.50). . . . Antonia Fraser rather likes *Cromwell* (Dell, $1.95). . . . *Kiss Hollywood Good-By* is the second of Anita Loos's memoirs (Ballantine, April, $1.50). . . . From New Directions, Ezra Pound's *Selected Prose 1909-1965* ($4.75). . . . *The Bull from the Sea* is Mary Renault's sequel to *The King Must Die* (Vintage, $2.45). . . . Reissued: Budd Schulberg's novel about Scott Fitzgerald in Hollywood, *The Disenchanted* (Compass, $3.95).

New quality softbound line, Da Capo, debuts with two noteworthy titles: Bernard Berenson's illustrated *Studies in Medieval Painting* ($2.95) and the third edition of *Jazz, Hot and Hybrid*, pioneering technical analysis by *The New Yorker*'s Winthrop Sargeant ($3.45). . . . From Harvest: Mary McCarthy's *The Mask of State: Watergate Portraits* ($2.65); C. L. Sulzberger's *The Coldest War: Russia's Game in China* ($2.45); Harold Clurman's *The Fervent Years: The Story of the Group Theatre and the Thirties* ($4.95); and *Letters of C. S. Lewis* ($4.25). . . . A couple with heft from Vintage: Marx's *Early Writings* (June, $4.95) and *Letters of Thomas Mann 1889-1955* (May, $6.95). . . . Norton has just reissued *An Interpretation of Universal History* by José Ortega y Gasset at $4.95.

■ OUT NEXT MONTH: *What Shall I Cook Today?* ponders *NR*'s Nika Hazelton (Bobbs-Merrill, $9.95). . . . Everett Carll Ladd and Seymour Martin Lipset survey *The Divided Academy* for McGraw-Hill ($15). . . . Helen Lawrenson looks back cattily at her days with *Vanity Fair* in *Stranger at the Party* (Random, $7.95). . . . Kevin Phillips analyzes *Mediacracy* and what it does to American institutions (Doubleday, $8.95). . . . Edmund Wilson was polishing up *The Twenties* when he died (Farrar, $10). . . . Allen Tate pens *Memoirs and Opinions* (Swallow, $8.95).

fee. It was the age of Samuel Parr, schoolmaster, who so loved a chance to flog his charges that "when he could find no excuse for it he would suggest to his boys that he should whip them in advance, promising that the next fault should go unpunished. . . . There was a major riot at Harrow when the governors refused to do as the boys wished and make him headmaster."

Hygiene? Infants were often swaddled in their excrement; witches, who after all caused illness, were stoned or drowned; medicine was primitive; quacks abounded. "In 1770 John Ball recommended live woodlice or millipedes ground up with sugar and nutmeg in a mortar, as a cure for cancer."

Little wonder if England seemed to continental visitors far from merry. "The English disease"—melancholia—so disturbed an admiring visitor, Montesquieu, that he devoted a chapter in *The Spirit of Laws* to the extraordinary English suicide rate and the difficulty of controlling it by law.

An historian as drenched as Mr. Jarrett seems to be in eighteenth century squalor and muck has no difficulty establishing how it is that an age we routinely see as elegant and rational could belong to Hogarth as well, the unsparing observer of misery and evil. One reason, as Mr. Jarrett makes clear, is that it was not blessed (or cursed, if one takes that view) by statistics or the reformist urge. It happily accepted the testimony of the senses. According to our historian, the typical Englishman, especially if well off, believed quite genuinely that the sublife around him was healthier and happier than he was, that the children of poverty were more robust and longer lived. He had no occasion to be disabused until Frederick Morton's *The State of the Poor* jarred his senses in 1797.

Mr. Jarrett, I am glad to report, is not in the least sentimental about the age. Like Hogarth he sees it steadily, unblinkingly, with humor and equanimity. But this is not a book for queasy stomachs. Interestingly and profusely illustrated (although not, oddly enough, with as much Hogarth as one might wish), it is English social history in the best tradition of its modern founder, Lord Macaulay—who, come to think of it, said the same thing of the seventeenth century that Mr. Jarrett says of the eighteenth. It makes one wonder about our own. □

God and the Knowledge of Reality
By Thomas Molnar
Basic Books, 237 pp., $10

PLEA FOR METAPHYSICS

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Philosophers have been content merely to interpret the world, wrote Marx; the point, however, is to change it. According to Thomas Molnar, the philosophers were way ahead of Marx, seeking "to transform the world in the process of comprehending it." When Hegel announced in a lecture in 1806 that a new era had begun, he considered that he was not merely reporting it, but actually inaugurating it. Henceforth history would proceed with the guidance of philosophic illumination, the secrets of the Absolute made manifest in the insights of Hegel himself, succeeding events directed by those who had the benefit of those insights.

If things have not happened quite that way, it remains true, says Professor Molnar, that "we live inside the Hegelian worldview." Before Hegel, he writes, "history's pressure was bearable because it was ascribed to man's weakness and sinfulness, his willful separation from God's design. This was the Augustinian view which excluded perfection from the *civitas terrena* and saw it achieved in the *civitas Dei*, beyond history. After Hegel, the pressure of history has redoubled because the tragedies that continued befalling mankind could now be justified by reference to the processes of reason in its historical unfolding. The chasm that Augustine and other historians saw between the two cities was closed in the Hegelian system. Thus a new and unheard of legitimacy came to be formulated for the man—philosopher or leader—who speaks in the name of historical reason, the absolute mind."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is just such "legitimacy" that licenses Westerners to praise the "achievements" of the Stalins and Maos who actually *inflict* the tragedies of history. How dreadfully ironic that the new era heralded by Hegel should be one of unparalleled suffering and terror. Providence, grace, moral law—these are hypotheses of which the ideologue has no need. Molnar means to probe the epistemological sources of such hubris.

He begins by anatomizing the various stances philosophers have taken with respect to God. The proper one is Judaeo-Christian: God is transcendent, yet personal, making real claims upon his creatures. Others have made him so remote as to be of no account in human considerations; still others make him so immanent as to subvert all individuation, personality, and creation itself.

THIS LAST way is Hegel's. Molnar stresses his affinity not only to his immediate predecessors in German philosophy, but also to certain heterodox strains of mysticism in the Middle Ages, like that of the fictional Hermes Trismegistus, who counseled: "Unless you make yourself equal to God, you cannot understand God, for the like is not intelligible save to the like. . . . Raise yourself above all time, become Eternity. . . . Believe that nothing is impossible for you, think yourself immortal and capable of understanding all, arts, sciences, the nature of every living being." Not that Hegel was influenced, directly or remotely, by such thinkers; the book is not about Hegel, but about a perennial intellectual temptation: the self-divinization of the intellect, when it renounces its merely creaturely status and tries to assimilate all reality to its capacity, denying what it cannot absorb. Molnar's enumeration and analysis of parallel forms of this hubris constitute the most startling and impressive section of a book whose every chapter is replete with wisdom and perception.

One other chapter deserves special mention: "The Ideal Society as the Framework for Absolute Knowledge." Hegelian philosophy aims at "the restoration of a broken unity, the healing of all separateness," the fusion of subject and object. "The urge for a utopian solution is neither an emotional issue nor simply a matter of equalitarian preferences, but a requirement with roots in epistemological imperatives." Utopia is the "*map* of the perfect ontological status"; and no matter what wonders the utopian revolutionary demands of the political order, he will always complain that the existing order is not sufficiently "disinstitutionalized." Utopia is "furnished with institutions derived only from nature, therefore neither limitative nor coercive." Absolute knowledge is to be found not in God (as earlier mystics would have held), but in an ideal community.

Molnar concludes with a plea for the restoration of metaphysics, based on the postulate that God is both personal and transcendent, with the consequence for epistemology that "the mind can know things as they are, although it cannot know them exhaustively." This involves what might be termed a sensible piety, which acknowledges that finiteness is among the first conditions of our existence, and not a diminution of it: "Individuality is thus not an accident; it is the principle by which all beings obtain and express their dignity." And from the point of view of epistemology, the best warranty we have of the reality and distinctness of created things is the Incarnation itself. Such is the message of this trenchant and imaginative little book. □

Man Kind? Our Incredible War on Wildlife
By Cleveland Amory
Harper, 372 pp., $9.95

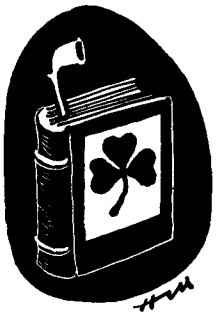
BOOBS AND BUNNY BOPPERS

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

Mr. Amory is eloquently angry about what he believes to be the senseless torture and slaughter of wild animals, and he comes out swinging.

Among the things he tears into: the "Bunny Bop," a celebration at which the citizens of Harmony, North Carolina beat rabbits to death with clubs and rocks; prairie dog shoots; wild mustang massacres; staged TV slaughters. ("Each week, on *The American Sportsman* TV show, we have a curious assortment of white hunters in living color, about all of whose fearless exploits we hear *ad nauseum*—particularly as, armed with a full arsenal of weapons, they boldly advance to test wits and match virilities with, say, a mourning dove.")

He also excoriates the National Rifle Association; *Fur Age Weekly, Outdoor Life, Field and Stream*; Theodore Roosevelt; the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service; the Uncle Toms at the Audubon Society; trophy hunters and game preserves. (Here's how he describes a game preserve hunt: "Here, over your breakfast menu, you pick out, from an 'exotic' list, your choice of trophies. Then you ride out in a car with a guide, and when the animal comes over, thinking it's *his* breakfast, you kill him. And you do so, if you wish, without even getting out of your car —unless, possibly, you want to pet him first.")



Amory is especially effective in the section in which he describes the hunting of whales, especially the blue whale, which we have just about butchered to biological extinction, and in his descriptions of the aimless and brutal attempts to exterminate wolves and coyotes. And I think even the flintiest and most gimlet-eyed among us must feel queasy about the widely publicized clubbing of baby seals (they are also often skinned alive), especially when we learn that their pelts are used only for lining gloves and boots and trimming coats and parkas.

MR. AMORY makes his case brilliantly, with wit and passion. I do wish, however, that he had made a few important distinctions. First, I wish he showed a bit more sympathy for those who kill for food. Granted, there are far too many brutes and boobs roaming the bush today, boozing it up and mowing down anything that moves. But it isn't just Archie Bunker banging away in the bushes. In New England, where I grew up, and in Alaska, where my wife's family homesteaded, there are many to whom a deer or a moose or a caribou means a winter's supply of meat that they otherwise couldn't afford. And there's the matter of subsistence hunting, especially important to Indians and Eskimos, who in many cases simply

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

couldn't live—or would have to live entirely on government handouts—without the game and fish they kill.

These are not, of course, the people—the trophy hunters, the bounty hunters, the killers-for-fun—with whom Mr. Amory deals. But I do hope he realizes that they are also out there.

Second, he doesn't distinguish between wild animals that are brutally captured for their fur and animals (mink, for example) that are raised commercially, just as beef cattle are raised commercially.

Finally, a couple of other minor reservations, one about what I take to be Mr. Amory's not-quite-stated position on gun control (I suspect he wouldn't mind seeing guns outlawed completely), the other a matter of style. Amory is a literary man, a satirist, frequently funny as hell. But sometimes that satire becomes a bit too caustic, close to sarcasm, and sarcasm is a sure way to put off many literal-minded, serious people who must be converted if his crusade is to succeed.

But reservations aside, I know that should I someday stumble accidentally into money, I will not even consider buying my wife a coat made from an animal that was clubbed, trapped, or poisoned for its fur. And I didn't feel that way before reading *Man Kind?* □

FICTION

The Sacred and Profane Love Machine
By Iris Murdoch
Viking, 374 pp., $8.95

MECHANICAL MURDOCH

RONALD DE FEO

Readers who have been following Iris Murdoch's work over the years will find few surprises in her latest novel. But then I suspect that Murdoch enthusiasts (and I would count myself as one) do not really expect to be startled by novelty. We take comfort in Miss Murdoch's professionalism, in her sustained wit and intelligence, and we try to ignore the very obvious fact that her methods and concern have become terribly predictable. *The Black Prince,* her last, generally well received novel, was pretty much of a standard Murdoch product, but it did possess a certain verbal energy and vitality that much of her recent work has lacked. Told in the first person, instead of in the typical, godlike Murdoch third, the novel also seemed to cut deeper and affect us a bit more than usual. By comparison, *The Sacred and Profane Love Machine,* for all its fine moments, comes across as a static, mechanical, and, finally, petty affair.

ONCE AGAIN WE find ourselves in that familiar little Murdochian world in which characters are brought together to explore the absurdities of love, commitment, and freedom. Blaise Gavender, a respectable, middle-aged psychoanalyst has for years been leading a double life. He has managed the complicated business remarkably—some would say unbelievably—well, and neither his loyal wife Harriet nor his son Daniel suspects that he has a mistress or a bastard son. One day he is forced to confess all. He has enjoyed two forms of love: the safe, good, sacred kind, represented by Harriet, and the dangerous, vaguely evil variety, represented by his mistress Emily. But now he must choose one or the other, and he has a devil of a time deciding. Of course his two partners suffer as well, for they are tortured by his divided loyalty, his inability to sever ties with the other. As usual, Miss Murdoch includes a number of secondary characters who confuse matters even more—advising the central characters, manipulating or falling in love with them, seducing or battling each other, experiencing for themselves the crises that arise from emotional participation or retreat. Once more Miss Murdoch demonstrates, by easily coupling the most unlikely partners, that love and human nature are completely unpredictable.

To be sure, there is much in this novel to admire. Miss Murdoch has always had the knack of making incredible events seem fairly plausible, and here she almost convinces us that the wronged Harriet would indeed lovingly accept her husband's dim, illegitimate son. In fact, one of the best things in the book is the way in which the author details and makes believable Harriet's rather absurd efforts to deaden the shock and pain of her husband's staggering revelation. There are several finely drawn scenes, including one in which Blaise and Emily engage in a battle royal, and another in which Blaise's friend, mystery writer Montague Small, listens to a tape recording of the dead wife who continues to haunt him. Several nightmarish passages—a dog attack and an airport massacre—have the usual Murdoch polish.

But despite its virtues, the novel fails to impress us. Part of the trouble lies in the writing itself, which tends to be plodding and unimaginative. Miss Murdoch's fondness for adjectives sometimes turns into an obsession in this novel ("Harriet . . . patted her very long intertwined, coiled-up golden-tinged dark brown hair"). Obviously the author is anxious to get on with her plot, but she does so at the expense of sacrificing stylistic invention. Since there is little in her technique genuinely to interest us, we must be drawn to her characters and their predicaments. While the situations have some potential, the characters are not given enough shading or complexity. Miss Murdoch grants them long passages of self-analysis, but these only tend to inflate the obvious. That a character like Blaise, for example, seems too dull and unimportant to warrant such inflation is another problem.

Miss Murdoch has often worked with very uningratiating characters, but at least their eccentricities managed to amuse us. Here she focuses too long and with too much seriousness on an unremarkable and tedious group, with the result that her philosophical points are trivialized by the trivial cast used to convey them. □

Liszt, The Artist as Romantic Hero
By Eleanor Perényi
Little, Brown, 466 pp., $15

HUNGARIAN HAM

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

It has always been a little too easy for serious people to take Franz Liszt lightly. The preening, posturing Hungarian ham of his virtuoso days often eclipses the gifted (if uneven) composer and musical theorist and seems to confute the vein of genuine piety that ran through his life, turning a trifle varicose toward the end.

Like all of the leading nineteenth century Romantics, Liszt was a contradictory figure, at once solemn and absurd.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The vulgar streak that stained much of his music and private life distracts us from his real talents and human qualities, while many of his less successful contemporaries repaid his frequent acts of generosity and understanding with malice and bad-mouthing.

Born of Austro-Magyar parents in Hungary, he was doomed to permanent outsidership in the West—in France he was considered a clever, talented Tartar, in Germany a wretched Francophile. Hans von Bülow, his first son-in-law, and Wagner, who stole Cosima from Bülow while still retaining the latter's slavish adoration, united with other critics to undermine Liszt's musical reputation, in a remarkable triumph of questionable artistic judgment over cuckoldry.

Later writers have aggravated the problem by championing the music of Wagner or Berlioz over Liszt's in a kind of head-on confrontation that did not exist in the artists' own lifetimes. This is especially true of Liszt who, as the greatest pianist of his and perhaps all time, did his best to popularize the symphonic and operatic works of others by performing piano transcriptions to far wider audiences than would otherwise have heard them. Later, as chief conductor at Weimar, he was also the first to stage *Tannhäuser,* at a time when Wagner was a political criminal with a price on his head in much of Germany.

UNTIL NOW, Liszt's long and fascinating life has lacked a substantial treatment in English. But, with Eleanor Perényi's brilliant new biography, the void has been filled. Mrs. Perényi obviously admires and sympathizes with her subject, bringing her erudition and barbed wit to bear against his foes with devastating effect, despite occasional instances of overkill. Although loosely organized and not without a few unfortunate gaps (Liszt's later years are almost completely ignored), Mrs. Perényi's work is a real tour de force as both a character study and an overview of the Romantic movement. One hopes for more from the pen of this brilliant and entertaining writer.

Not that her choice of subject didn't make her job a little easier. Liszt, even when he cried his world weariness to the skies, had an insatiable appreciation for music, women, mysticism, and life. He was equally fascinated by man and God, although his perceptions of both were more than a little blurred.

MY OWN favorite Liszt vignette, not included in Mrs. Perényi's book, is a banquet scene described in the pages of *Moskvityanin* magazine during one of Liszt's triumphal Russian tours. It gives a small idea of the man's all-embracing gusto. "Liszt listened indifferently to the famous overtures he himself plays better than any orchestra in the world. But when the Russian songs began, he became all ears and began beating time and making gestures in time with the music . . . when the dance song was sung, he could not sit still. His musical nature responded to each new sound. However, when several men carried in a sturgeon almost seven feet long and weighing a hundred pounds, Liszt forgot all about music. He had never seen anything like that. He began applauding the sturgeon, and everyone followed suit."

Ever the friend of fellow artists, Liszt insisted that the chef come out of the kitchen to take a bow. How many other virtuosi would have been secure or magnanimous enough to allow themselves to be upstaged by a sturgeon? □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

CAVETT, *by Dick Cavett and Christopher Porterfield (Harcourt, 373 pp., $8.95).* Dick Cavett is the Adlai Stevenson of television. Which is to say, he's in the wrong business. "There is a sense in which the audience are intruders on a conversation, demanding certain asides and jokes for their benefit." "The closeup shot . . . is one of the few things the medium can do well." See? The former remark seems to refer to the studio rather than the home audience, but no matter—the annoying little asides that mar his now infrequent TV hosting also flaw this literate (to a fault) nonbook. The format is semi-Boswellian, largely tape-recorded (privately, so he can't blame the studio audience), full of precious camaraderie between two old college chums (Yale, '50-something), and witty gibes at the boobs who frustrated his attempts to elevate the medium. *Cavett* also addresses such questions as, is Dick Cavett an Intellectual? (Porterfield says yes, Cavett says no no *no.*) And, does Dick Cavett have a Warm Side? (The answer is too complex to be summarized here.) M. J. SOBRAN JR.

GUILTY PLEASURES, *by Donald Barthelme (Farrar, 165 pp., $7.95).* Parody is, I suspect, like anchovies: if you like it at all, you love it; if you don't, you detest it. Members of the first category are invited to wallow ecstatically in the first part of *Guilty Pleasures,* a collection of pieces previously published in *The New Yorker* and other magazines. Barthelme has a splendid ear, and at his best he is definitely first rate. "The Angry Young Men," for example, has lines like: "It has been my observation, and I'm not alone in this, other people have made the same observation, a blind man could see it, that the young people today are doing a bloody great lot of *cooking together before marriage.*" And, although it doesn't fulfill the condition of great parody—that it have a worthwhile target—I took an especially wicked pleasure in Barthelme's parody of That Cosmopolitan Girl: "Well, I paid [the cab fare] cheerfully, because I have this magazine I read that teaches me how to be *natural* and *healthy* and *resilient,* but when we got out of the cab he *loaded* this *immense* steamer trunk on my back." The political satire in the middle of the book, I found pretty uncongenial—as, I suspect, would most *NR* readers; but the funny parts of *Guilty Pleasures* tip the scales.

LINDA BRIDGES

THE RIDDLE OF DR. MUDD, *by Samuel Carter III (Putnam, 380 pp., $8.95).* A young country doctor is awakened in the night to set a broken leg. The patient, anxious to leave yet reluctant to reveal his identity, seems vaguely familiar. Subsequent events prove him a casual acquaintance sought as the recent assassin of the President. The doctor fears the visit will be viewed by authorities as probable complicity. Heeding his wife's caution, he delays a report; however a relentless dragnet traces the assassin's route to the doctor. Under questioning he reluctantly admits treatment and knowledge of the fugitive. He is arrested and tried as a co-conspirator, his pleas of innocence ignored by a vengeful government intent upon proving a conspiracy. A military tribunal judges the eight civilian defendants guilty and condemns four to hang. The doctor and the remainder are sentenced to a tropical exile of life imprisonment. Appeals are denied and further hope appears futile until the physician's skills help to check a yellow fever epidemic. A presidential pardon follows. The role of Dr. Samuel Mudd in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln sometimes seems more akin to a Paul Muni melodrama than an historical enigma. Notwithstanding Mr. Carter's probing brief for the accused, the riddle remains intact. ALAN MILLER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified Advertisements

Employment Opportunities

JUNIOR EXECUTIVE POSITION with expanding northern Virginia (D. C. area) list rental company. Growth potential for aggressive young conservative. Detail work required. Salary negotiable. Write NR Box 1893.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 1750-A, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501.

YOUR RESUME. Write it yourself! Instructions, samples, forms: $2.00. Resume Company, Dept. R, 359 Jersey Avenue, Fairview, N.J. 07022.

Situations Wanted

PRIZE-WINNING, Right-minded editor/writer, 10 years on top newsweekly, seeks conservative milieu. Extensive arts, humanities, media background. National, international freelance; wide European travel. Relocate for right job. Write NR Box 1889.

INTERIOR DESIGNER—Seeks conservative professionals who want offices, clubs, or restaurants designed or embellished. Plans only, or full turnkey programs. All work guaranteed and competitive. INTERIORS, PLANNED FOR SUCCESS by FLOURTOWN DESIGN ASSOCIATES, INC. Box 343 Jenkintown, Pa. 19046, Robert H. Schmidt, ASID. (215) 884-6050—write or call for details.

Literary

BOOK PUBLISHING—manuscripts and inquiries invited. AUTHORS' GUIDE TO PUBLICATION free upon request. Dorrance & Company, Dept. E, 1617 Kennedy Boulevard, Philadelphia, Pa. 19103.

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS: Searched; all subjects. Lists mailed. REGENT HOUSE, 108 N. Roselake Avenue, Los Angeles, Ca. 90026.

FLORIDA BOOKS—Not tourist styled. Factual information on jobs, homes, schools, business, retirement. All 3 books $5.95. Free brochure. Florida Ltd., P. O. Box A 2472, Clearwater, Fla. 33517.

For Sale

CIGARS—NEW HAVANA seed tobacco lets you enjoy the old Havana flavor. Sampler $3.95. Free brochure. Afco Cigars, P. O. Box A 5111, Tampa, Fla. 33605.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS AND VIRGINALS —Professional instruments in kit form. Burton Jacks (Patented). Free brochure from Burton Harpsichords, 917 "O" Street, Box 80222NR, Lincoln, Nebr. 68501.

NOTE: Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address: Classified Department, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016

National Review Accepts . . .

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. Rates per insertion: 65¢ per word, minimum 10 words, plus $1.50 for box number. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 25 days before publication date.

Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

LAWYER, EARLY 50s, wishes to marry. Seeking conservative, attractive woman 45-55. Must be 5' 7" or more and weigh 125-135. Write NR Box 1885.

GENTLEMAN, TEMPORARILY ILLIQUID, with a half-built 50 foot schooner on which he plans to retire, seeks a partner. Write NR Box 1886.

SINGLE MALE, 26, intelligent, good-humored, seeks correspondence with like-natured female. Santa Barbara, Ca. Write NR Box 1894.

Real Estate

WATERVILLE VALLEY SKI AREA—N.H. Choice of 4 beautiful 5-acre wooded lots, $8,000 per lot, access road into each lot. West slope Mt. Pero White Mountains, near Plymouth, New Hampshire, only 20 minutes to Waterville. Area of beautiful new homes. Ideal for vacation or permanent home. Two hours, Interstate from Boston. Sale by owner, Henri Bouscaren, 7931 Schoolhouse Lane, Cincinnati, Ohio 45242.

ROMANTIC ST. THOMAS: Beachfront efficiency, tennis, pools, economical rental (301) 249-6012.

Travel/Camps

60 FT. SCHOONER available for charter in Florida and Bahamas. Air-conditioned, 3 private staterooms accommodates party of six. Main saloon equipped with bar refrigerator, sink, piano, TV. Large comfortable sheltered lounging and dining area on deck. Licensed Captain, cook, and mate at your service. All C.G. equipment. For brochure and information write or call: Caribbean Enterprises, Inc., 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016, (212) 679-7330.

HACKMATACK CAMP—Boys and girls 7-12 years. Limited enrollment. Actual farm experiences. Natural history studies in a rugged Berkshire Hills setting. Western riding and general camp activities. A life with beauty, discipline, and responsibility. July 2 to August 20. Since 1939. Write George F. Dillman, Otis, Mass. 01253.

PORTUGAL—ALGARVE. Villa overlooking sea. Weekly, monthly, maid. Jane Harrison, 1 Harris Park, Redbank, N.J. 07701. (201) 747-1159.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST MUSIC CAMP, August 3-24, 1975, operated by the Seattle Youth Symphony Orchestra. Vilem Sokol, director. Coed, ages 13-21, Audition by tape. Write: 416 Sixth & Pine Bldg., Seattle, Wash. 98004.

SKI THE KINGDOM OF BRECKENRIDGE, Colorado, a lovely Victorian mining town, only one and a half hours from Denver, and stay at TAMARISK, former home of Jean-Claude Killy. 2 and 3 bedroom apartments, handsomely furnished and equipped, including color TVs, private phones, laundry, pool, and maid service. Enjoy great spring skiing in the heart of Ski Country, USA. Call collect, (303) 453-2351 or write P. O. Box 752, Breckenridge, Colo. 80424.

COME BACK . . . to unspoiled beauty in c mountain, lake, and country setting. Lake side inn (with new handsomely decoratec rooms) and non-housekeeping cottages. Pri vate pool, tennis. Golf, riding stables near by. Children's program. Moderate rates in clude 2 meals daily. Cocktail lounge. Cal (603) 763-2762, write Farrell Quinlan, Indiar Cave Lodge, Box 33, Sunapee, N.H. 03782

Miscellaneous

TOOTHPASTE RECIPE, 25¢ stamped addressed envelope: West Virginia Crafts, P. O Box 61, Shepherdstown, W. Va. 25443.

DEHYDRATED FOOD—3 month—15 month food supply. Visit or write SURVIVAL FOOD BANK, 18W333 Roosevelt Road, Lombard, Ill. 60148.

FASTEST PIANO COURSE EVER! American invention! Box 751-N LaCanada, Ca. 91011.

ALL CITY ALARM COMPANY. Securities Company now specializing in sub-contracting, willing to deal direct with public. Save money by eliminating the cost of the middle man. Specializing in FIRE & BURGLAR ALARMS (residential and commercial). All equipment UL approved. Write NR Box 1891.

BEAUTIFUL HARDWOOD COFFEE AND END TABLES. Birch, butcher block, and oakwood contemporary design—all handmade. Prices start at just $30 for end tables and $50 for coffee tables. Contact James Goodwood, Rt. 1, Box 72A5, Bushkill, Pa. 18324 or write our showroom at 49 West 27th Street, Room 501, New York, N.Y. 10016.

CAN'T SLEEP? READ? . . . Mack's "pillow-soft" earplugs. Moldable Soundproofing. Ear Doctor Recommended. Guaranteed! $2.99. HARRINGTON, 430-R East 66th, N.Y.C. 10021.

FREE 200-PAGE CATALOGUE. 1,400 new stereo recordings. Renaissance, Baroque, Classical, Romantic, Modern Music. Not sold in stores. Not listed in Schwann's. Highest quality! Budget label prices! Available only by mail. Musical Heritage Society, Box 932 NW, New York, N.Y. 10023.

MEET YOUR IDEAL MATE, computerized matching, nationwide, low fee. Free questionnaire. "Team," 1270 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

MALCOLM S. FORBES:

Fact and Comment.

George Strichman, head of Colt Industries, made this observation at an informal round table on our economic problems: "We should keep one thing in mind. During inflation you can't buy everything you want, but during a depression, a severe form of deflation, you can't buy anything you want."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

(Continued from page 312)

Iiding Missiles

ames Burnham [Dec. 20] writes that "alhough through satellites and other sohisticated surveillance techniques we know lot about Soviet strategic weapons, we do ot and will not know as much as our ecurity requires without on-site inspection."

Our surveillance techniques must be retty sophisticated if they can be thwarted y, e.g., the placement of canvas covers ver construction sites at a shipyard near furmansk where atom-powered, missilearrying submarines are built. Because of iis, the United States has not known for bout six months how many Yankee and)elta class subs are under construction, or 'hat kind of missiles they are being armed 'ith.

It is only necessary to remember the ffective concealment of entire factories by ie Germans during World War II. A V-2 actory was set up in a tunnel in the Harz iountains where several thousand prisoners)iled 24 hours a day. The construction and iaintenance of such factories was made ntirely feasible by the availability of slave abor—which is also available to the oviets.

Missile installation can be hidden in aves, in mines, in railroad boxcars, under akes, in rivers, in harbors, in dummy oil 'ells, in chemical plants, in electric power lants, even perhaps in Secretary Kissinger's ffice.

'hicago, Ill. DANIEL JOHN SOBIESKI

Rand McNally **new**

WORLD TRAVELER'S ALMANAC

The most complete travel book ever published

320 pages of money-saving, inside tips and features on airlines, tours, cruises, car rental, rail travel, foreign shopping, customs duties, and business deductions written by twenty top travel experts. Packed with vital facts on all 195 countries, a world events calendar, a reading list of 1000 books and a bicentennial guide to the U.S.A. $6.95 (Calif. residents add 42¢ tax).

WORLD TRAVELER'S ALMANAC DEPT N
6900 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Ca 90038

CORRECTION
66¢ per meal, not 64¢

)n page 59 NR Jan 17 '75, we advertised The World's Best Buy in Storage Foods" —one year's food for one hungry adult— t $695. Packers' rising costs now force iat to $725, still good protection for someone you care about . . . whose inlastic income will snap" as inflation 'orsens. (A billion a week!?) Please check hat ad or write for reprint. Basic Lot still 450; sample Supper for 4-6 $10 postpaid.

Security Foods, Ltd. 11745 Landale
North Hollywood CA 91607

TIME ON THE CROSS

(Continued from page 342)

ness as covert "political" forms of rebellion, but, as Fogel and Engerman show, the slaves were not lazy, produced more than their white counterparts, had stable families, and often became skilled workers. Black rebellion was practically nonexistent.

Item: The persistent myth has it that American slaves fared far worse than slaves brought to South America and the Caribbean, where customs and religious tradition were more hospitable than they were in the harsher environment of Protestant America. Not so. Fogel and Engerman show that slaves fared best in the American South. Prior to 1860, 6 per cent of all slave imports to the Western hemisphere went to the U.S. In 1825, however, 36 per cent of all slaves living in the hemisphere were in the United States. American slaves flourished, while those in tolerant Brazil died like flies.

There arises out of the new scholarship concerning slavery—including the work of Fogel and Engerman—an intellectually sensational irony. Hard times for the American black came . . . after the Civil War, through which he gained legal freedom but a lot of negative things along with it. By 1890 black life expectancy had declined 10 per cent from antebellum levels. Disease rates were 20 per cent higher than on the old plantations. Diet and skill level deteriorated. The income gap between blacks and whites widened steadily from Appomattox until the eve of World War II. The myth has it that the black family was weakened by slavery and attendant conditions; on the contrary, the injuries done to the black family turn out to have been the result of life in Northern cities.

All of this does not lend itself very well to moralization, or the thrilling historical melodrama of the Glory, Glory, Hallelujah tradition. A strong dose of reality tends to complicate the identity of hero and villain, victim and oppressor.

If Fogel and Engerman are read calmly, at least one very wholesome conclusion certainly emerges. The slaves were men and women, living actual lives in actual circumstances, doubtless often pleasurable, and they were often skilled and productive. As much as anyone else, they helped to build this nation. Contemporary blacks therefore have a right to take a good deal of pride in that antebellum history.

—Jeffrey Hart

The Dines Letter has never been more bullish on Gold and Silver.

The Dines Letter, a New York-based weekly financial newsletter, believes that GOLD and SILVER are the only paths to safety in the coming depression, and that they are on the verge of an historic advance.

No written message is necessary. Just send this ad with your name, address and $10 (Payment MUST be enclosed) for a 4-issue trial subscription and a large variety of recent **Dines Letter** features to:

The Dines Letter
18 East 41st St.,
New York, N.Y. 10017
(Not assignable without your consent.) J35M6
(N.Y. residents, please add applicable sales tax.)

READER'S SERVICE

HOW WELL WE SERVE YOU depends largely on whether you include your address label when you write us about your subscription. Please attach it to all correspondence. When moving, please give us 5 weeks notice, and paste your old address label here. Print new address below, including your ZIP code.

You may use this form to subscribe, renew, change your address—or for any other correspondence you may have with us. If you attach your mailing label at right, you will have helped us be both speedy and accurate.

REMEMBER
that Magazine and BULLETIN are on separate lists! If you are a subscriber to both, you must tell us to change both lists.

Address all inquiries or subscriptions to: National Review, Readers' Service, 150 E. 35th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016

NAME _____
(Please print)
ADDRESS _____
(New address–if moving)
CITY STATE ZIP

☐ **PLEASE CHANGE MY BULLETIN ADDRESS ALSO** ☐ **I wish to subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW for one year at the regular $15.00 rate. Please enter my** ☐ **new** ☐ **renewal subscription:** ☐ **payment enclosed** ☐ **bill me later.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The History of Anthony Lewis

On The Right

New York, March 10—On little cat feet, the myth is closing down on us that the troubles in Indochina today result from the failure of the government of President Thieu to abide by the terms of the ceasefire. It was so twenty years ago after the Geneva conference, when before we knew it, we were all listening to accusations against President Diem for failure to call general elections as specified by the Geneva accord.

Now, the principal salesman of this line is Anthony Lewis, who in the encyclopaedias he has written on the general subject that I have seen published, has been absolutely consistent in a) blaming Thieu for his failure to abide by the peace treaty; b) blaming the United States for provisioning Thieu's continued resistance to the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong; c) failing to blame the North Vietnamese for continuing the war in territory over which they have no legitimate claim; and d) failing to blame the Soviet Union and the Red Chinese for provisioning Hanoi's continued wars of aggression against its neighbors.

In the last analysis, Anthony Lewis writes, approximately three times a week, the same column. It says: women and children are suffering in Indochina; they are suffering because they are resisting those Indochinese who desire to totalitarianize over their lives; the United States is a war criminal for causing Indochinese women and children to suffer. It has begun to sound like a collection of missives from Gloria Emerson.

THE Ceasefire Agreement signed by representatives of the Hanoi government and, in effect, by the Vietcong in two sessions in late January, said (Chapter IV, Article 9):

"The Government of the United States of America and the Government of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam undertake to respect the following principles for the exercise of the South Vietnamese people's right to self-determination:

"a) The South Vietnamese people's right to self-determination is sacred, inalienable, and shall be respected by all countries.

"b) The South Vietnamese people shall decide themselves the political future of South Vietnam through genuinely free and democratic general elections under international supervision.

"c) Foreign countries shall not impose any political tendency or personality on the South Vietnamese people."

It requires something not very far short of perversity to suggest that the North Vietnamese have lived up to their side of the bargain. Does this free the South Vietnamese of their obligations under the ceasefire? That is a technical matter of law, and it has indeed been adjudicated—in 1969, at a convention on the Law of Treaties. As explained by Charles Bray of the State Department on April 20, 1973, that convention provides that "a material breach of an international agreement by one party entitles the other party to suspend operation of the agreement in whole or in part."

THE documentation of North Vietnamese failure is as copious as it is bloody. Seventy-two thousand violations in two years. Resulting in 140,000 Vietnamese killed, including 24,000 military personnel among the South Vietnamese. The statistics are gruesome, and a tribute to a failed statecraft. It has been a very long time since we heard the old disjunction, Better Red than Dead. But here it is again, being played by such as Mr. Lewis, with more variations on it than the syndicated daily astrologers produce.

It would be bad enough, but it would be infinitely preferable, if Lewis were to say simply: the Communists are more powerful than we are in that part of the world, and we shouldn't stand in the way of their taking what they want. That is a perfectly responsible strategic position, applicable to Indochina as it is to the Middle East.

But though morality should not necessarily guide our policy, it should inform our reasoning. Much better just to give up, than to offer euphuistic argumentation for the noble cause of deserting our allies. □

THE SHOCKING REPORT OF MR. HOOVER

New York, March 6—I hope that somewhere along the line hard investigation will reveal that the reports of J. Edgar Hoover's lubricious renditions to Lyndon Johnson on the moral habits of some of his important critics will prove to have been exaggerated. I say this because I have a great respect for J. Edgar Hoover which is diminished by these distasteful stories, and I'd prefer it if history proved that they were exaggerated, over against the alternative of permanently lowering my esteem for Mr. Hoover—I know no franker way to put it.

It is pretty sleazy stuff: the head of America's FBI telling, in barroom style to the President of the United States which of his critics in Congress slept with whom, after putting away how many pints of gin, all of which information having been gathered through the use of electronic surveillance or tailing done by FBI agents. I do, however, find paradoxes in the accounts of these episodes which reveal something of the perplexed current position on the public morality.

The spokesman for the FBI shot back that only such congressmen were investigated as were up for a federal position. For instance if the President considers naming Congressman Jones to a federal judgeship, the FBI is required, under the law, to run a "security check" on Jones. Now this is first and foremost a check to ascertain whether, by any chance, Mr. Jones is on the payroll of a) the Soviet Union or b) ITT, not of course necessarily in that order of gravity. A category below is an examination into the question of his rectitude in such matters as paying his bills, cheating his investors, that kind of thing.

Then there comes that third category loosely put together under the heading of "morals."

It is said, for instance, that Mr Hoover reported to President Johnson that Congressman Jones (any similarity between my Congressman Jones and any congressman by the same name is I hope it is understood, purely coinci-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ental) visited a particular brothel on is most recent trip to a great American unicipal center. And that Congressıan Smith got so smashed at some pubc affair or other that when it came me to pronounce his oration, he could ardly be understood (a great improveıent, I would say, over the orations of ıost congressmen, but that is beside he point). Over all of this, it is reorted, Lyndon Johnson was given to huckling with great, lascivious satisfacion at his knowledge of other men's ıtimate foibles.

Now in discussing these episodes, the ommentator for *Time* magazine reerred airily to the transcribed "peccaillos" of the gentlemen in question. Now a peccadillo is a slight offense, a ıetty fault—like, say, slurping from your oup spoon, or picking your nose, or ıeglecting to use the object pronoun fter a preposition. But of course if his is so, then one wonders why there s so much agitation over the collection, nd then the relaying to the President, f these slight offenses and petty faults? f, let us say, a congressman being conidered for a diplomatic position regularly fails to use an underarm deodorınt, here would be an example of a ıetty offense, which however would ıave some bearing on his suitability to ıe situated between, say, the Queen and he Archbishopress of Canterbury on ome future occasion. But a peccadillo hat is less than professionally incapaciating is, one would suppose, not only ıone of the FBI's business, it oughtn't ıave any capacity to shock.

Yet it does. I cannot imagine a congressman running for reelection, and saying to the voters: "I work every day and every night of the week in the public interest, except Saturday nights which I spend in a brothel." The public, one gathers, doesn't share the urbanity of *Time* magazine on what constitutes a peccadillo. And without passing any judgment on whether the public or *Time* magazine is correct under the aspect of the heavens, if there is such an aspect, it is certainly the case that we have here an awful muddle of sorts: people being shocked by the revelations, by the head of the FBI to the President, of unshocking activities. □

MOYNIHAN THE CLAIRVOYANT

Rougemont, Switzerland, March 2 —One of the few things in the world about which there is reason continuously to rejoice is Daniel Patrick Moynihan. Sure, he suffers from a few birthmarks of the social democrat, fascinated by the role of government in shaping human happiness. But these fade alongside his rubicund complexion, which is a regular inflamed blush of indignation and rage over the failure of the free world, and of America in particular, to tell the simple truth where liberty is concerned. "I have an even disposition," Albert Jay Nock once said, "—I'm mad all the time." Mr. Moynihan is mad all the time, notwithstanding his extraordinary restraint in expressing himself publicly. During his entire tenure as ambassador to India he made only four public declarations, two of these in the last fortnight of his stay. His fifth he wrote out—and then elected not to give, for fear that he might be abusing his position as ambassador to utter thoughts inconsistent with the thrust of our diplomatic rhetoric.

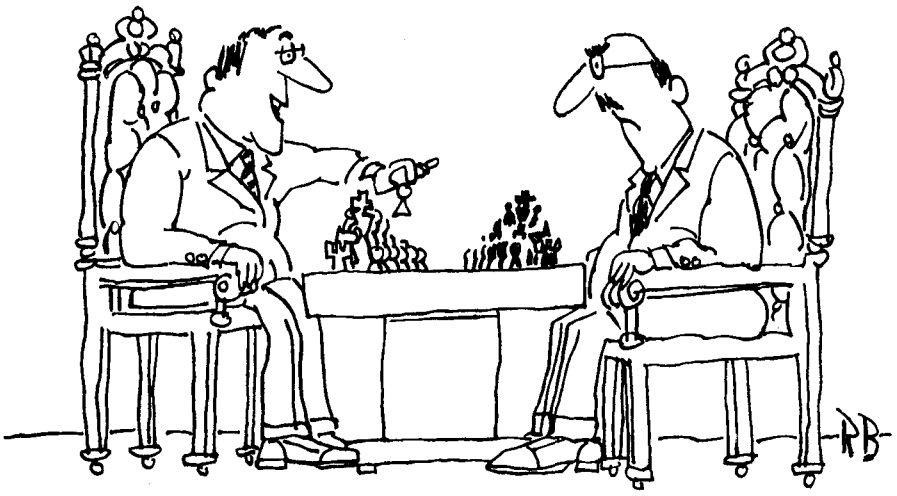
But now, as a professor once again, he is wild with liberty, and when he was called before the Commission on Critical Choices for America, whose duty one suspects will be, after painful inquiry, to present the United States with the critical choice of Rockefeller for President or international disintegration, Moynihan let them have it—in this case, the Third World. He has nothing against the Third World, and I do not either, except one thing: which is that the Third World, particularly within the United Nations, is giving encephalophonic voice to the greatest historical travesty in recorded history, to wit, that the United States of America is the principal agent of human misery and repression.

Mr. Moynihan has in the past and will in the future give a thousand examples. One was publicized. Last year, elected as the president of the General Assembly, was one Abdelaziz Bouteflika of Algeria, who proceeded to run the General Assembly much as his boss Mr. Boumédienne runs Algeria: i.e., as his private satrapy. Now Algeria talks about human rights as frenziedly as Rossini handled his overtures. But did anybody rise, in that great forum of world idealism, to ask the new president what had happened to Ahmed Ben Bella, the Algerian revolutionary who has been rotting in jail for years? Not only did nobody do it, nobody *thought to do it*—and this is how serious the situation has become.

Mr. Moynihan was twice offered the ambassadorship to the UN, and twice turned it down. "That corpse had already begun to decompose," he subsequently wrote. "If I am sorry for such language, I am even more sorry for the events which make it appropriate. The spirit of liberty has seeped out of that institution. A Death of a Thousand Cuts had occurred. An incessant succession of small cuts and tiny punctures had led to a steady draining of vitality, all but unnoticed to the over-familiar eye, but painfully evident from a distance."

Mr. Moynihan quite genuinely fears that the spirit of liberty is very nearly extinct all over the world. He is most awesomely, most gravely correct. "How does one discover a society is slipping into a Dark Age?" Mr. Nock once asked himself in a journal. One way is by consulting such as Mr. Moynihan. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)



'You are an ideal opponent, Peterson. Arrogant, hostile, opinionated—and easy to beat."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trans-O-Gram

DEFINITIONS

A. American inventor (1856-1931); assisted Edison — 3 49 195 59 36 168 71

B. INK TEN FOX — 44 207 101 124 126 160 141 215 74

C. A tailor's smoothing iron (this will tickle you!) — 66 134 142 39 148

D. An actor's pinch hitter — 78 57 60 65 175 178 183 111 136 25

E. A contract in which a third party's rights are bargained away — 89 108 69 95 99 64 62 119 133 147

F. Did she give birth to an Arctic explorer? — 127 77 92 105 109 17 145 37 110 132 / 156 87 167

G. Great Britain's prime minister, 1908-1916 — 131 113 213 16 170 75 192

H. *Fringilla coelebs* — 194 14 135 171 188 19 143 80 55

I. Author of *Robinson Crusoe* — 10 28 18 67 81

J. Neither reflecting nor emitting light — 83 23 91 41 86 98

K. At the present time — 201 163 1 96 208 198 112 179

L. Taste — 205 76 138 40 6 185 22 114

M. Where the American Revolution began — 115 139 206 193 154 187 117 189 165

N. Having deteriorated from a former level — 158 2 169 174 186 200 20 24 45 56

O. American poet (1877-1949) — 13 15 54 84 88

P. English admiral (1705-1781) — 173 7 58 209 150

Q. John Wesley's birthplace — 197 151 104 202 118 217 27

R. A Paris, France, periodical — 181 140 172 29 152

S. A word from a seven-letter sentence (sounds like a letter) — 85 11 9

T. A supply of skills, devices, or expedients possessed by a person — 97 182 212 216 4 144 129 177 70 102

U. Ceased sleeping — 100 164 180 30 106

V. Some may consider this the best kind of meat — 122 159 68 5 130 94 42 34 82 90

W. Fury — 32 121 184 176 72 155 107 52 48

X. Capable of accomplishment — 47 26 50 61 146 120 123 38 116 211

Y. Tolerance — 149 210 128 161 166 35

Z. What coffee without sugar is — 214 157 21 196 31 43 63 73 79 93 / 103

a. New Hampshire's capital in Revolutionary days — 51 8 33 203 162 190

b. Screen actress (1870-1952) — 137 53 12 46 191 153 199 204 125

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 358 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

				1 K	2 N		3 A	4 T	5 V		6 L	7 P	8 a	9 S	10 I		11 S	12 b	13 O
14 H		15 O	16 G	17 F		18 I	19 H	20 N	21 Z	22 L		23 J	24 N	25 D		26 X	27 Q	28 I	29 R
30 U		31 Z	32 W	33 a	34 V	35 Y		36 A	37 F	38 X	39 C	40 L	41 J	42 V	43 Z	44 B	45 N		46 b
47 X	48 W		49 A	50 X	51 a	52 W	53 b		54 O	55 H	56 N	57 D		58 P	59 A		60 D	61 X	62 E
	63 Z	64 E	65 D		66 C	67 I	68 V	69 E	70 T	71 A	72 W	73 Z	74 B	75 G		76 L	77 F	78 D	79 Z
80 H	81 I	82 V		83 J	84 O		85 S	86 J	87 F		88 O	89 E	90 V	91 J	92 F	93 Z		94 V	95 E
	96 K	97 T	98 J		99 E	100U	101B	102T	103Z		104Q	105F	106U	107W		108E	109F		110F
111D	112K		113G	114L	115M	116X		117M	118Q	119E	120X	121W	122V		123X	124B		125b	126B
127F	128Y		129T	130V		131G	132F	133E	134C	135H	136D		137b	138L	139M	140R	141B		142C
143H		144T	145F	146X		147E	148C	149Y	150P	151Q	152R	153b	154M	155W		156F	157Z	158N	
159V	160B		161Y	162a		163K	164U	165M		166Y		167F	168A	169N		170G	171H		172R
173P	174N	175D	176W		177T	178D		179K	180U	181R	182T	183D	184W	185L	186N	187M		188H	189M
190a		191b	192G	193M	194H	195A		196Z	197Q		198K	199b	200N		201K	202Q	203a		204b
205L	206M	207B	208K		209P	210Y	211X	212T		213G	214Z	215B	216T	217Q					

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dick Salisbury is down in the dumps...

He's a guy who spends a lot of time in the dumps, but he has good reason to be happy while he's there.

Dick Salisbury deals in steel cans, which we all know as tin cans. He is Vice President and Chief Operating Officer of Los Angeles By-Products Co., a firm that combs the garbage in major California cities for a half billion steel cans a year. In San Francisco, for example, his magnetic separators recover steel cans from garbage at the rate of 10,000 tons per year.

L.A. By-Products also operates steel can recovery facilities in Oakland, Sacramento and Contra Costa Counties. Since steel cans are magnetic, it is easy to pull them out of municipal garbage by the millions.

These reclaimed cans are sold to nearby copper mines for use in a chemical process that recovers copper from low grade ore.

Steel cans are magnetically recovered in more than 20 cities across the nation. In addition to their use in copper mining, they are remelted to make new steel, used in the production of ferro-alloys, or detinned. As a result of recent research, they will soon be used by the foundry industry as well.

Recovery and recycling of steel cans does more than simply preserve our natural resources. It saves valuable landfill space. It also conserves energy. And it puts cash in municipal treasuries.

Sure, Dick Salisbury and his men are down in the dumps, but they can manage a smile.

If you are down in the dumps about garbage, maybe we can help cheer you up, too.

For more information write, **Tinplate Producers, American Iron and Steel Institute, 1000 16th Street, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20036.**

but he's never been happier.

Steel the recycled material

Tinplate Producers, American Iron and Steel Institute

Pitch In!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For a custom look that lasts... Milliken's MILSTAR® Free-lay carpet tiles

Now Milliken makes custom-styled open office landscaping easy with coordinating colors in patterned and solid color MILSTAR Free-lay carpet tiles. Remarkably practical, too. When partitions — or the entire office — must be moved, the tiles also can be moved. And proper tile rotation will increase wear life 3 to 4 times longer, eliminates the repaired or worn look. Milliken's handsome Custom Square patterns, with pile of 100% Antron® nylon, are Computer Injection Dyed in precise registration by Millitron™, revolutionary development from Milliken Research. Wide selection available; special designs on request. For details, call or write:

Deering Milliken, Inc.,
Contract Carpet Manager, LaGrange, Georgia 30240. (404) 883-5511.

MILLIKEN

Floor Covering Business
La Grange, Georgia

LICENSED TO ZZZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED